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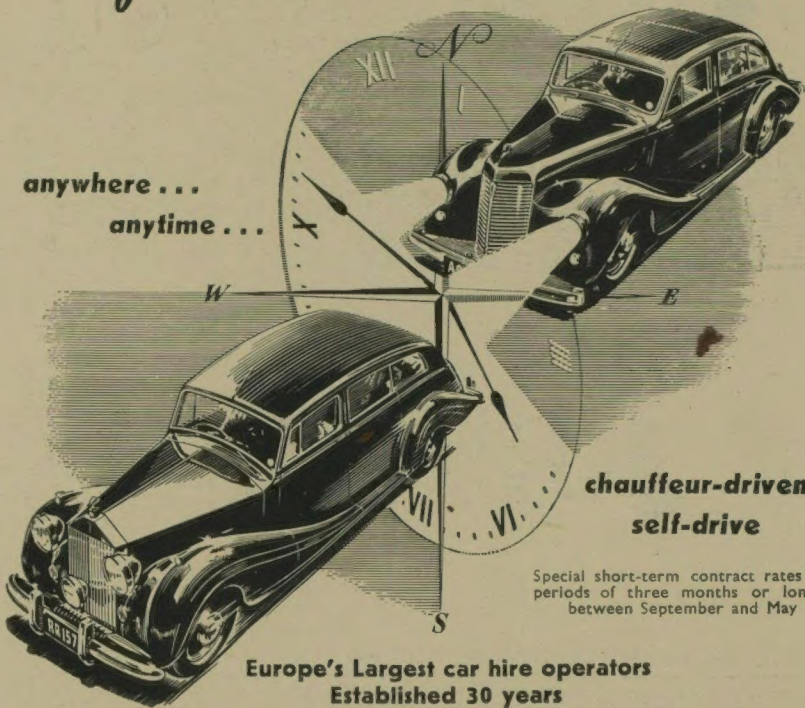
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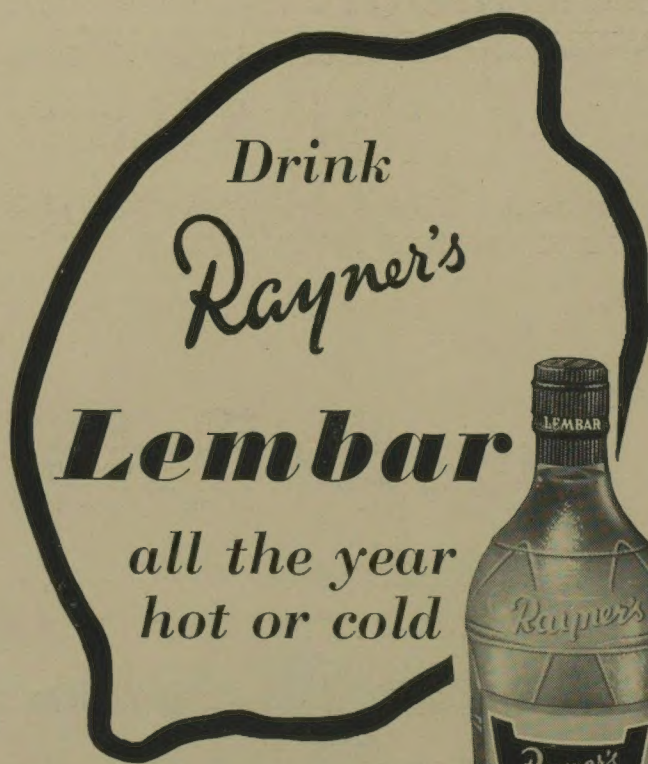
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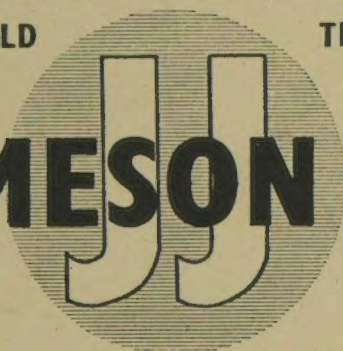
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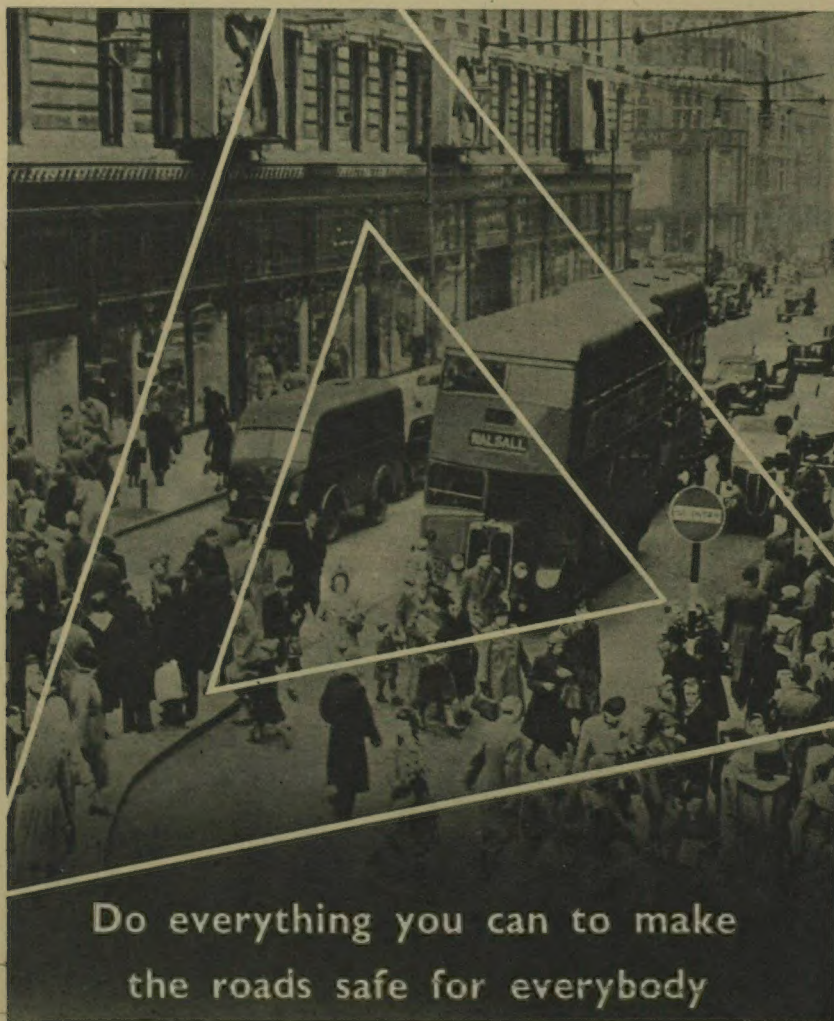
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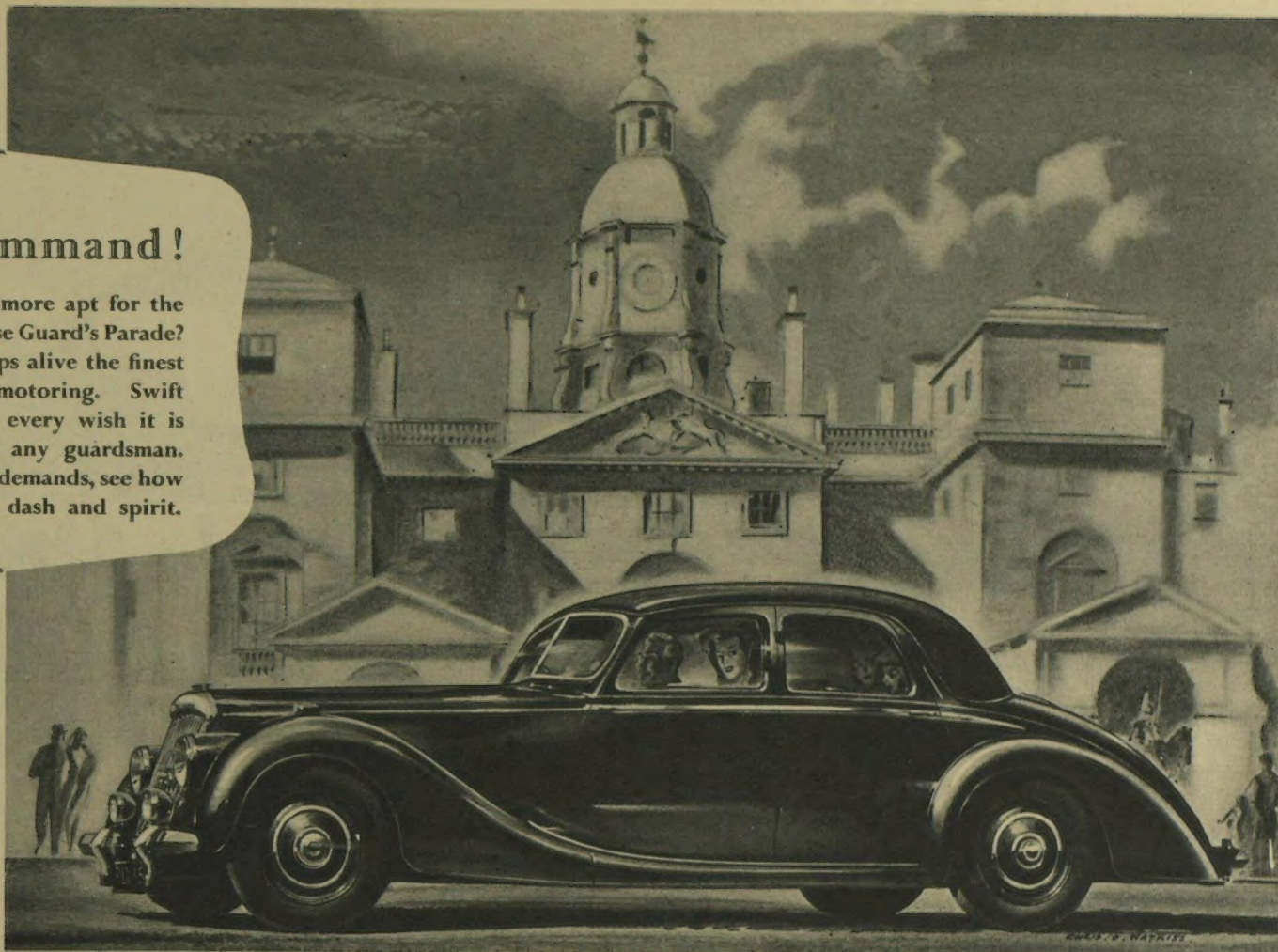
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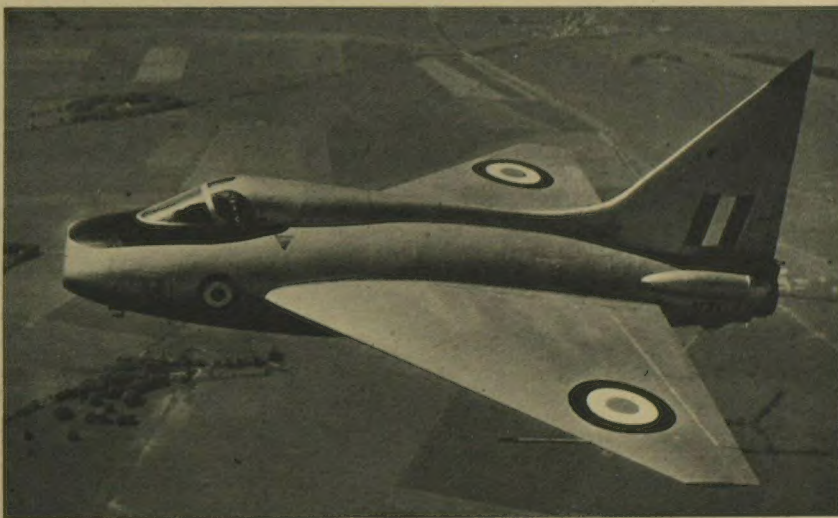
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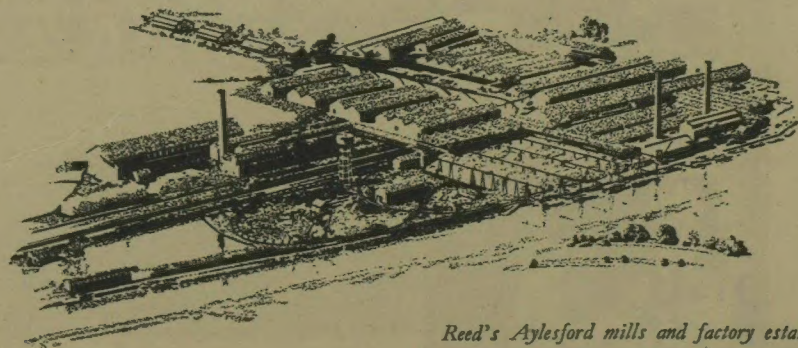
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WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS dogged the early aviators in their first experiments in flying. Many worked in secret ; few were so ambitious as Sir Hiram Maxim who in 1894, testing his machine at Baldwyns Park in Kent, coaxed sufficient power from a light marine steam engine to lift the whole contraption off the rails. There his endeavours ceased and who would have thought that in less than 60 years men would be flying at speeds faster than sound ? Who, indeed, could have foreseen the great industries which would arise from the inventive genius of the 1890's ? In that same year, 1894, Albert Edwin Reed acquired his first paper mill at Tovil near Maidstone, to lay the foundation of what is today one of the largest organisations of its kind in the world. He was outstanding among the pioneers of modern paper-making methods and from his vision and enterprise have grown the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group, where giant high-speed machines turn out mile after mile of newsprint and the tough Kraft paper which has entirely revolutionised this country's packaging methods.



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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1952.



"THE SQUIRE OF SANDRINGHAM" LIES IN STATE IN THE CHURCH OF HIS FAVOURITE HOME: THE COFFIN OF KING GEORGE VI., DRAPED WITH THE ROYAL STANDARD, ADORNED ONLY WITH THE FLOWERS OF THE QUEEN, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, AND WATCHED OVER BY ESTATE WORKERS.

Throughout Saturday and Sunday, February 9 and 10, the coffin of King George VI. rested in the Sandringham Church of St. Mary Magdalene, the little country church so intimately associated with the Royal family's private family worship. It stood on trestles before the altar, draped with the Royal Standard; and upon it stood the wreath of the Queen Mother—of white orchids, lilies and carnations; at its head was that of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh—of white lilies, tulips, hyacinths, Christmas roses and lilies of

the valley—with a card signed "Lilibet" and "Philip"; and at the foot Princess Margaret's wreath. Throughout the period of its rest in the church, Sandringham estate workers, gamekeepers, foresters, carpenters and others, kept a continual watch in groups of four; and during the Saturday the estate workers and tenants came to pay their last respects. On the Sunday there was a brief private service conducted by the Rector of Sandringham and attended by the Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family.

KING GEORGE THE SIXTH.

Being our Note Book by ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE lot of King George VI. was not cast in an easy time. No Sovereign of his dynasty ever witnessed so much public adversity, either during his reign or in his lifetime. To find a parallel one would have to go back to the troubled days of the seventeenth century or earlier. The virtues with which we shall always associate King George's name were those that most become a man in time of trial: patience, calm, faith, courage, devotion to duty, unfailing dignity, endurance. Few men in supreme place have had more need to show these noble virtues or have done so with such unbroken consistency. They are the qualities for which we, living to-day, will always remember the late King with gratitude. I believe that posterity, taking a wider sweep of history than is possible for us, will do the same.

King George VI. was born Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George of York, on December 14, 1895, at the very apex of nineteenth-century Britain's greatness, grandeur and wealth. Not even at the height of Imperial Rome's prosperity had mankind ever seen a dominion so wide, so rich, so peaceful and so seemingly inviolable as was Queen Victoria's Empire in the years immediately before her Diamond Jubilee. It was as the princely representatives of the most richly endowed generation in British history that Prince Albert and his brothers grew up. Only when they reached the threshold of manhood did Fate reveal her hand. And the charnel-house of the Somme and the Salient was the first card that Fate played.

For when the late King was eighteen, Imperial Germany made her reckless but long-premeditated bid for dominion of the Continent. A rich and peace-loving Britain, to her eternal credit, took up the gauntlet. In the four years' struggle that followed a million of the Prince's fellow-countrymen and contemporaries—men who might otherwise have lived to be his subjects—died in battle. He himself served in a British ship-of-the-line at Jutland, the most important naval engagement since Trafalgar and, in the scale of the navies engaged, the greatest sea-battle in history. Later he became one of the first officers of the new fighting Service to which the 1914-18 War gave birth, the Royal Air Force, which a generation later was to win under his eyes a more critical encounter and a more decisive victory than even Jutland or Trafalgar itself.

That Service has always prided itself, with justice, in being a very unassuming one; perhaps because, having so much of which to boast, it would quickly become intolerable to itself if it were not for its extreme modesty about its own achievements. The late King was a very unassuming man, and there seemed something almost symbolic in his being one of the R.A.F.'s first officers. He was one of those who, in his modest and quiet way, helped to set its standards.

He returned in 1919 from service overseas to a sorely battered and strained Britain. In the still greater exhaustion and strain that followed

the Second World War we have tended a little to forget how grim the national scene was after the First. The flower of a great generation had been wiped out: our casualties in dead by the end of 1918 were three times as great as they were in 1945. Britain was not as materially poor as she was to become after the Second World War, but she was even more spiritually exhausted. There was a grave gap of misunderstanding and bitterness between those who had fought and those who had not fought. And there was a far greater division between rich and poor, which in many cases amounted to the same thing, for during the First World War there had been much very flagrant and unashamed profiteering. By 1921, when the first post-war slump came, and the unemployment figures rose in a few months from 200,000 to 2,000,000, large sections of the nation were in a most embittered and angry mood. There was grave misunderstanding between Capital and Labour; between the England of the traditional past—at that time possibly a little soft, obese and unrealist—and the England, still raw and half-formed, of the future. There was talk, and serious talk, of revolution.

That there was no revolution, that the national discords, though grave and profound, were somehow resolved, that Britain—unlike her great fellow European democracy, France—faced her terrible ordeal in 1940 united instead of divided, was due to many causes. But by far the most important of these was the character and conscience of the kind of Briton whom both Prince Albert and his father, King George V., represented: the kind of man, that is, who sees the existence of moral evil very clearly, indulges in neither jeremiads nor cynicism, but sets himself, quietly, modestly, almost cheerfully, but with unwearied persistency, to battle it down and succeeds in doing so, not merely as a result of his own sustained endeavours but by the unconscious—and, for that reason, all the more compelling—example he offers to everyone about him. Such men are never very numerous—saints never are, and in their utterly unassuming way such men are a species of saint, fighting saints—but their influence is out of all proportion to their numbers, and the greatness and well-being of any nation

depend mainly on their existence. The Duke of York, as he had then become, was just such a man and, because he was a prince of a deeply beloved Royal house, and became, later, by a strange and at the time tragic turn of fate, a King and a ruler of the greatest political community on earth, his influence was far, far wider even than such a man's usually is. It is impossible to estimate how far it extended and how much good it did during those confused, restless years between the two wars. Industry was trying to resolve the discords wrought by a century and more of titanic and unplanned mechanical and scientific development, and millions of bewildered and embittered British men and women were suffering, through no fault of their own, from the

(Continued overleaf.)

THE LATE KING'S LAST FAREWELL TO HIS DAUGHTER.



BAREHEADED IN THE BITTER WIND: KING GEORGE VI. WAVING TO THE ARGONAUT *ATALANTA* IN WHICH PRINCESS—NOW QUEEN—ELIZABETH AND HER CONSORT LEFT ENGLAND ON JANUARY 31.

The last official appearance of his late Majesty King George VI. was on January 31 when, accompanied by his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, and Princess Margaret, he drove to London Airport to say good-bye to his elder daughter and her husband on their departure for Kenya Colony *en route* for their projected tour of Ceylon and Australasia. Standing bareheaded in the cold wind, he waved what we now know to have been his last farewell to that beloved daughter on whom the splendour, the responsibility and the burden of the Crown have now descended.



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER HALL: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ON FOOT AND THE ROYAL LADIES IN A CAR, MOVES FROM SANDRINGHAM CHURCH TO WOLFERTON STATION, EN ROUTE FOR KING'S CROSS.



HEAVILY VEILED, THE ROYAL LADIES LEAVE SANDRINGHAM CHURCH FOR WOLFERTON STATION. THE QUEEN AND QUEEN MOTHER SIT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE BACK OF THE CAR, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET IN FRONT OF THEM.

THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF KING GEORGE VI. ON ITS WAY FROM SANDRINGHAM CHURCH TO WOLFERTON STATION, WHENCE IT TRAVELLED BY RAIL TO KING'S CROSS.

The progress of the coffin of the late King to its Lying-in-State at Westminster Hall, began at Sandringham Church with a simple service attended by the Royal family and Sandringham tenants. As the bearers of The King's Company, 1st Bn. The Grenadier Guards, took the coffin from the church to the waiting gun-carriage, the Scottish lament, "The Flowers of the Forest" was played on the pipes. The gun-carriage, drawn by The King's Troop, Royal Horse

Artillery, and with an escort of Grenadier Guards, moved along the country road, followed on foot by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, and by the Royal ladies in a car—and by a great following of Sandringham estate workers and tenants; on its journey to Wolferton Station. Here the coffin was placed in the waiting train; and the Royal mourners, after thanking the station-master, entered the train, which left for King's Cross.

KING GEORGE THE SIXTH.

BEING OUR NOTE BOOK BY ARTHUR BRYANT (Continued).

terrible frustration of being both unemployed and in desperate need of the very goods their own employment might have created. Politicians engaged in trying, vainly, to solve the baffling problem of how such an apparent monetary and industrial absurdity could have arisen or, alternatively, in making political capital out of the popular discontents to which it so naturally gave rise, tended to lose sight of the simple and agonising human realities that underlay the crisis. It was part of the grandeur of King George VI's character that he was always acutely conscious of these and always, unassumingly and self-effacingly, engaged in doing whatever lay within his power not only to show his sympathy and understanding, but to help in a practical way the helpless individuals who were suffering from the consequences of a faulty system which, though no living man's fault, was many living men's agony.

During the '20's and early '30's the young Prince, as President of the Industrial Welfare Society, and in innumerable other ways, made it his particular business, year in year out, to make himself familiar with the problems, above all, the human problems, of the men and women engaged, at all levels, in industrial production. It was a novel function for a member of the British Royal house and one, which though at the time there seemed little likelihood of his becoming Sovereign, was to be of the utmost value to the Duke when later he ascended the Throne. One product of his active interest in the human problems of industry grew into a permanent national institution: the annual Duke of York's Camp which he founded, presided over and regularly attended, to bring into friendly and equal association with one another boys from what Disraeli had earlier called the "Two Nations." Both in its simplicity and its practical humanity the camp was an admirable example of the young Prince's attitude to life: a real democratic university in miniature of a new kind, and just where such a university was most needed.

With the same practical instinct for what was necessary and practical, the Duke of York, like his elder brother, devoted himself to the other great problems of his country and age: the strengthening of the bonds which kept together the world-wide union of peoples now fast evolving out of the old British Empire. It was evolving so rapidly, and with so few of the conventional political and economic devices that normally bind human societies, that there seemed a great danger that it would dissolve altogether; many superficial observers at that time expected it to do so. That, far from doing so, it grew stronger, and without the use of any of those formal restraints which might so easily, where such great distances were involved, have come to be looked upon as vexatious restraints, was due largely to the unifying part played by the Royal family and the immense and deserved affection in which its members came to be held in every part of the vast Commonwealth of free nations. In that work, particularly in the late '20's, the Duke of York, and the gracious, lovely and winning Scottish princess he had made his bride, now took the lead. In their travels round the world, and their visits to Australia and New Zealand and Africa, they made contacts with an enormous circle—a family circle—of men and women of every kind, creed and race. And wherever they made such contacts, they won all hearts. Their simplicity, shining friendliness, modesty and manifest interest in every activity of life, above all, their tact and warm-hearted understanding of all sorts and conditions of men, made every journey they undertook together a triumph. They radiated good will and kindness, and it was so obviously a sincere good will and kindness, springing, not only from their devotion to their task but from the happiness and ever-widening love of their own married life. Everywhere they left behind them an impression which remained a deep, abiding influence. The nature of that princely mission, one which was at the core of the late King's life and character, was expressed in some words used only a few weeks ago, as

he spoke over the wireless on Christmas Day for the last time to the whole of that immense human family which looked to him as its head. "I think that among all the blessings which we may count to-day the chief one is that we are a friendly people. . . . I wonder if we realise just how precious this spirit of friendliness and kindness is. We are living in an age which is often hard and cruel, and if there is anything we can offer to the world of to-day, perhaps it is the example of tolerance and understanding that runs like a golden thread through the great and diverse family of the British Commonwealth of Nations." It was the main mission of King George VI's selfless and dedicated life to work that golden thread more firmly into the pattern of our national life and to carry it into the remotest corners of the many lands over which he reigned.

In 1936, with a dramatic and terrible suddenness, the crisis broke which called him to the Throne. A dearly beloved and loyally served brother found the tremendous burden of kingship greater than he could hope to bear without the sustaining consolation of a marriage which, for reasons which lay deep in history, was not compatible with the conditions of British constitutional monarchy. He therefore abdicated. With no natural predilections for bearing such a burden except an all-pervading and over-

riding sense of duty, the Heir Presumptive stepped without hesitation into his brother's vacated place. Delicacy of health, a constitutional infirmity of speech and a most retiring and modest nature were all subordinated and disciplined to meet the needs of the British peoples. From that hour to the day of his death the new King's whole life was governed by one concept and one alone: his duty. He died in its execution.

"The Queen and I," the King said in the first Christmas broadcast of his reign, "have promised to try and be worthy of your trust, and this is a pledge that we shall always keep." Three years later, when the storm of the greatest war in history burst on the nation whose ideals and faith he symbolised, his people learnt how wholly worthy he was of that trust. By the summer of 1940 the capital, from which he refused to depart, was in the front line of the defence of human freedom against the Nazi menace. With the beautiful and gracious lady who was his Consort, he remained resolute and imperturbable at the post of duty and danger. Like his chief Minister, he embodied and stood for all the ancient, enduring, undeviating virtues of his country. He helped to give the British people that



RETURNING TO SANDRINGHAM WITH HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH, ON FEBRUARY 1: HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. London had her last sight of the beloved King George VI. on February 1, when he and the Queen drove to King's Cross *en route* for Sandringham, after having, on January 31, seen Princess—now Queen—Elizabeth and her Consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, off on what was to have been their Australasian tour. The King was in good spirits and stood bareheaded in the cold wind at the airport; and on his return to Sandringham was able to enjoy a day's shooting on February 5, and had, indeed, planned to go out again on February 6. He retired to rest in his usual health, but when the valet called him in the morning he made the discovery that has put the Commonwealth and all friendly foreign nations in mourning—King George VI. had passed away.

unshakable confidence which in 1940 and 1941 astonished and transformed a shaken world. "If the skies before us," he told them, "are dark and threatening, there are stars to guide us on our way. Never did heroism shine more brightly than it does now, nor fortitude, nor sacrifice, nor sympathy, nor neighbourly kindness. And with them—brightest of all stars—is our faith in God. These stars we will follow with His help until the light shall shine and the darkness shall collapse." And when, in the fullness of time and as a result of the courage and resolution with which it had been faced, that darkness lifted, the King stood on the balcony of his Palace, as he had done at the beginning, expressing his unbreakable unity with his thankful people.

Nor did he fail them in the years of exhaustion, change and, at times, frustration and disillusion that followed. Throughout those post-war years, and through all the misunderstandings and recriminations to which they gave rise, the King maintained a dignity, a generous fair-mindedness, an undeviating impartiality, a noble standard of public and private life and an unswerving devotion to duty which won the admiration of all his subjects, regardless of their political views. No party in Britain or any of her sister-Nations of the Commonwealth has any monopoly of or supremacy in the deep affection for the Crown and its wearer that is felt to-day by all. Labour and Capital, progressive and traditionalist, are all united in gratitude and admiration for the selfless service which King George VI., like his father before him, gave to the peoples of Britain and the Commonwealth, and for the proud tradition in which his beloved daughter, Queen Elizabeth, now begins her reign.



THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: IN DEEP MOURNING, AND HEAVILY VEILED, THE SORROWING QUEEN MOTHER, FOLLOWED BY THE YOUNG QUEEN, STEPPING OUT OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT KING'S CROSS.

The Royal train carrying the body of the late King George VI. arrived at King's Cross from Sandringham at 2.45 on Monday, February 11. The Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret stepped out of the saloon immediately behind the one in which the coffin had travelled and stood on the platform with

bowed heads while the coffin, draped with the Royal Standard and with the Imperial State Crown on its centre, was taken from the hearse-coach and carried to the waiting gun-carriage. The King having been handed over into the keeping of his soldiers, the cortège began its journey to Westminster.



THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: THE IMPRESSIVE SCENE AT KING'S CROSS STATION AS THE COFFIN OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. WAS BORNE FROM THE FUNERAL TRAIN BEFORE THE EYES OF THE ROYAL MOURNERS (RIGHT).

The floodlighting at King's Cross station served but to deepen the sombre effect of the solemn ceremonial with which London received his late Majesty King George VI. on February 11. The pillars supporting the roof of the platform were draped in black and purple cloth and adorned with laurel wreaths. On the crimson-carpeted platform stood evergreen plants. All signals were set at

"Stop," and no trains moved—save one. From the third coach, where the King's body lay, came the bearer-party of The King's Company, The Grenadier Guards, all men over 6ft. 3in. in height. They stood bareheaded while the Imperial Crown was taken into the coach, and after a moment re-entered the coach and left it, carrying the coffin on their shoulders.



THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. LEAVING KING'S CROSS STATION ON ITS WAY, THROUGH STREETS LINED WITH SILENT, GRIEVING CROWDS, TO WESTMINSTER HALL ON FEBRUARY 11.

A cold drizzle-fell from leaden winter skies when on Monday, February 11, the funeral cortege of his late Majesty King George VI. passed through the streets of his capital. Silent crowds watched the procession as it proceeded from King's Cross to Westminster Hall. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage drawn by The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and was flanked by the bearer-party of The

King's Company 1st Bn., The Grenadier Guards. The Imperial State Crown lay on the coffin in front of a single wreath of white carnations and orchids from the Queen Mother, and behind the gun-carriage walked the dead King's son-in-law, the Duke of Edinburgh, and his brother the Duke of Gloucester in civilian dress. They were followed by members of the King's Household.



THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER : PASSING THE CENOTAPH, WHERE THE LATE KING HAD SO OFTEN EPITOMISED THE NATION'S HOMAGE TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THEIR COUNTRY'S SERVICE—THE CORTÈGE OF KING GEORGE VI. NEARS WESTMINSTER HALL.

Under lowering skies, between silent, mourning crowds the funeral cortège of King George VI.—the coffin draped with the Royal Standard and bearing the Imperial State Crown and the flowers of the Queen Mother, and followed on foot by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester—passed by

Southampton Row and Kingsway to the Strand; and from the Strand to Whitehall. There, as it passed the Cenotaph, where the late King had so often testified to the nation's mourning for those who had died in its service, a double poignancy was felt as there passed a King who had also died in his nation's service.



SETTING FOOT ON ENGLISH SOIL FOR THE FIRST TIME AS QUEEN: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DESCENDING THE STEPS FROM THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH SHE HAD FLOWN HOME FROM AFRICA.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, landed at London Airport from Africa at 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, February 7. In contrast to her happy departure as a smiling and carefree Princess only a week before, she returned as Queen, a pale and regal figure, who such a short time previously had learnt of the sudden death of her beloved father. As soon as the aircraft landed the Duke of Gloucester went aboard. A few moments later her Majesty appeared in the doorway and walked slowly down the steps, followed by her husband, to the

tarmac, where she was greeted by Mr. Churchill, a group of her Ministers, and other officials, some of whom can be seen in our photograph. The Queen shook hands with the Privy Councillors and others, and then turned to thank and shake hands with the members of the *Atalanta* crew, who had lined up at the foot of the starboard stairway. As it was a private occasion there was no guard of honour. After informal greetings lasting five minutes, the Queen and the Duke entered their car and were driven off to London.



A HOMECOMING WHICH WAS AS MUTED AND SOMBRE AS THE CIRCUMSTANCES MADE FIT: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN CONVERSATION AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN (LEFT) AND OTHERS WHO WERE THERE TO GREET THEM ON THEIR RETURN.



ARRIVING AT CLARENCE HOUSE: THE SCENE AS HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RETURNED HOME BY CAR FROM LONDON AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 7.



DRIVING FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE TO GREET AND CONSOLE THE NEW QUEEN: H.M. QUEEN MARY, WHO STAYED ABOUT HALF AN HOUR WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER.



AWAITING THE QUEEN AT LONDON AIRPORT: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE.



BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SOVEREIGN: A GROUP AT LONDON AIRPORT WHICH INCLUDES THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, LADY MOUNTBATTEN, MR. CHURCHILL, MR. EDEN, LORD WOOLTON AND OTHERS.

THE QUEEN'S HISTORIC HOMECOMING: SCENES AT LONDON AIRPORT AND IN THE CAPITAL.

After a day-and-night journey from Kenya the Queen arrived at London Airport at 4.30 p.m. on February 7. Her Majesty stepped out of the Argonaut airliner *Atalanta* only a few yards from the spot where, just a week before, her father the King had stood waving farewell to her and her husband when they set out on their Commonwealth tour. The occasion was one that is never likely to be forgotten by those who were present at this deeply-moving scene.

In accordance with Mr. Churchill's suggestion, only a small, quiet group waited in the public enclosure. Outside the airport a silent crowd of several hundred people had gathered, and similarly silent men and women awaited the Royal car at various points on its journey to Clarence House. The Queen wore a black coat and a close-fitting black hat, and the Duke was wearing a navy blue overcoat with black armband.



"GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN": HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND IN THE ROYAL CAR AS SHE ARRIVED AT CLARENCE HOUSE ON THE EVENING OF THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth returned to Clarence House, London, just after 5 p.m. on February 7, after landing at London Airport half-an-hour earlier. Soon after her return she received the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, to discuss arrangements for the funeral of the King. The Queen telephoned to Sandringham, and had a long conversation with the Queen Mother and also spoke to Princess Margaret. The honour of being the first unit of the Armed Forces to salute the new Sovereign

fell to the Coldstream Guards, of which the King was Colonel-in-Chief. They formed the Palace guard as the Queen's car passed on its way to Clarence House. The Queen, dressed in black, pale-faced and sad-eyed, and the Duke of Edinburgh, drove slowly through the dusk to Clarence House through a silent, sympathetic crowd. As the car entered the gates a Guardsman broke out the Royal Standard, which fluttered for the first time over Clarence House. Queen Mary was waiting inside to receive her granddaughter, the new Queen.



ROYAL "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN": KING GEORGE VI. (PRINCE ALBERT), RIGHT, AS A CHILD WITH PRINCE EDWARD (THE DUKE OF WINDSOR) AND PRINCESS MARY.



IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS LIFE: THE LATE KING AS A BABY. HE WAS BORN ON DECEMBER 14, 1895.



A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH: QUEEN VICTORIA WITH FOUR OF HER GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, THE LATE KING (PRINCE ALBERT), SEATED, PRINCE EDWARD, CENTRE, WITH PRINCESS MARY, LEFT, AND PRINCE HENRY, RIGHT.



KING GEORGE VI. AS A BOY OF TEN. THREE YEARS LATER HE ENTERED THE NAVAL TRAINING COLLEGE OF OSBORNE.



THE LATE KING AS A TENNIS-PLAYER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM, WHEN DUKE OF YORK, PLAYING LAWN TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON IN 1926.



(L. TO R.) PRINCE ALBERT (KING GEORGE VI.), PRINCESS MARY (THE PRINCESS ROYAL) AND PRINCE EDWARD (THE DUKE OF WINDSOR).



IN THE YEAR IN WHICH HE WAS MADE DUKE OF YORK: PRINCE ALBERT (LATER KING GEORGE VI.) LEAVING ON HIS MOTOR-CYCLE TO ATTEND A LECTURE WHEN AN UNDERGRADUATE AT CAMBRIDGE.



PRINCE ALBERT AS A MIDSHIPMAN IN H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD, TO WHICH HE WAS GAZETTED IN 1913 AND IN WHICH HE SERVED DURING THE 1914-18 WAR.



AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS MAUD IN 1923: (L. TO R.) KING GEORGE V., PRINCE GEORGE (LATER THE DUKE OF KENT) AND THE DUKE OF YORK (LATER KING GEORGE VI.).

THE CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND YOUNG MANHOOD OF KING GEORGE VI.: STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF A GREAT KING.

On subsequent pages we record some of the outstanding events of the fifteen years of the late King's reign. On this page we show some facets of his childhood, youth and young manhood. He was born on December 14, 1895, two years before the Diamond Jubilee of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, at York Cottage, Sandringham; and he was educated by tutors until he was thirteen.

After this he went for two years to Osborne and for two more to Dartmouth. After service in the cadet ship *Cumberland*, he was gazetted midshipman and appointed to H.M.S. *Collingwood*. He served in her during the 1914-18 war, but later transferred to the R.N.A.S. and the R.A.F. He studied at Cambridge in 1920 and the same year was created Duke of York.



SPRING, 1938: KING GEORGE VI. PRESENTING A CUP TO ONE OF THE WINNERS IN THE LONDON BOYS' CLUBS BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL—ON HIS FIRST ATTENDANCE AT THESE CHAMPIONSHIPS.



THE CORONATION—MAY 12, 1937: THE ROYAL FAMILY ACKNOWLEDGE THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE—THE KING AND QUEEN IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES AND CROWNS, WITH THE TWO PRINCESSES IN THEIR CORONETS.



AFTER RECEIVING CORONATION ADDRESSES—MAY, 1937: KING GEORGE VI., CENTRE, WITH MR. STANLEY BALDWIN (LEFT), PREMIER AT THE TIME, AND (RIGHT) MR. MACKENZIE KING, THE CANADIAN PREMIER.



DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1939: (L. TO R.) MRS. ROOSEVELT, KING GEORGE, MRS. SARAH ROOSEVELT (THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER), THE QUEEN, AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—AT HYDE PARK, NEW YORK.



ON THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: KING GEORGE VI. AT THE MICROPHONE IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE WHILE SPEAKING TO HIS PEOPLES ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1939.



JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR: KING GEORGE SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AFTER COMING TO SEE THE PREMIER AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.



AN EXPERIENCE THEY SHARED WITH MANY OTHER LONDONERS: KING GEORGE AND THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE BOMB DAMAGE TO THEIR HOME, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, IN 1940.



DURING THE ROYAL CANADIAN TOUR OF 1939: THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, SALUTES FROM THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.



LIFEBOAT DRILL ON THEIR TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE EN ROUTE FOR THE CANADIAN AND U.S. TOUR OF 1939: THE KING AND QUEEN WEARING LIFEBELTS ABOARD THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA.



DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE IN JULY, 1938: KING GEORGE VI., IN NAVAL UNIFORM, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT, M. LEBRUN, ON HIS ARRIVAL.



TOURING THE BOMBED AREAS OF SHEFFIELD EARLY IN 1941: THE KING AND QUEEN TALKING TO AN OLD LADY WHO HAD BEEN BOMBED OUT IN A RAID NOT LONG BEFORE THEIR VISIT.



VISITING THE RESCUE STATION OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE COALOWNERS' ASSOCIATION AT WAKEFIELD: H.M. THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, SEEN INSPECTING THE RESCUE SQUAD IN 1944.



ENJOYING A JOKE WITH MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF A U.S.A.A.F. *LIBERATOR* WHICH TOOK PART IN OPERATIONS AGAINST ST. NAZAIRE: THE KING DURING A VISIT TO U.S. BOMBER STATIONS IN ENGLAND IN 1942.



TOURING FRONT-LINE TOWNS IN OCTOBER, 1944: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING A CAVE SHELTER DURING A VISIT TO DOVER AND FOLKESTONE, WHEN THEY SAW THE DAMAGE FROM CROSS-CHANNEL SHELLING.



THE KING AS A WARTIME FARMER: HIS MAJESTY LOOKING PROUDLY AT A FINE PIG DURING A TOUR OF HIS WINDSOR FARM IN AUGUST, 1942. THE KING ALWAYS TOOK A KEEN INTEREST IN HIS FARMS.



DURING A WARTIME VISIT TO A STATION OF THE R.A.F. FIGHTER COMMAND: THE KING SHAKING HANDS WITH FIGHTER PILOTS WHO WERE JUST ABOUT TO TAKE OFF ON AN OPERATIONAL FLIGHT.



RIDING IN A JEEP DURING A VISIT TO ONE OF THE BOMBER SQUADRONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE SERVING IN THIS COUNTRY: H.M. THE KING ON A NOVEMBER DAY IN 1942.



DURING A TOUR OF THE BATTLEFIELDS IN FRANCE IN 1944: THE KING CHATTING WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER (RIGHT). STANDING BEHIND HIS MAJESTY IS LIEUT.-GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY.



WITH THE HOME FLEET: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AUGUST, 1943, SHOWING HIS MAJESTY GREETING FLAG OFFICERS OF THE HOME FLEET ON BOARD H.M.S. *DUKE OF YORK*. BEHIND THE KING IS ADMIRAL SIR BRUCE FRASER.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS ON V.E.-DAY, MAY 8, 1945: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN A.T.S. UNIFORM, THE QUEEN, MR. CHURCHILL, KING GEORGE VI. AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE VICTORY PARADE OF JUNE 8, 1946: KING GEORGE VI. AT THE SALUTING-BASE IN THE MALL. QUEEN ELIZABETH IS STANDING BESIDE HIM, AND HIS MOTHER, QUEEN MARY, IS SEATED ON HIS OTHER SIDE.



ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY ON THE DAY OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, APRIL 26, 1948: KING GEORGE VI. WITH HIS QUEEN CONSORT, AND HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGARET.



(ABOVE.) A HISTORIC OCCASION IN SOUTH AFRICA: KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH LEAVING THE SENATE HOUSE, CAPE TOWN, AFTER HIS MAJESTY HAD DECLARED THE SESSION OPEN ON FEBRUARY 21, 1947. HE SPOKE IN ENGLISH AND AFRIKAANS.



(ABOVE.) THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON NOVEMBER 20, 1947: THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY DURING THE CEREMONY. KING GEORGE VI. IS STANDING TO THE LEFT OF THE BRIDE.



(LEFT.) THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE ON APRIL 27, 1951: KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH, FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARGARET, PROCEEDING TO LUNCH WITH THE PROVOST AND FELLOWS OF KING'S COLLEGE; AND CHEERED FROM CLARE COLLEGE.



KING GEORGE AND PRESIDENT TRUMAN ON BOARD H.M.S. RENOWN ON AUGUST 2, 1945: THE KING LATER VISITED MR. TRUMAN IN THE U.S. CRUISER AUGUSTA.

(RIGHT.) THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN IN JULY, 1945: KING GEORGE VI. ASSISTING QUEEN ELIZABETH ON TYNWALD HILL. HIS MAJESTY WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH KING TO ATTEND A SITTING OF THE TYNWALD, THE MANX PARLIAMENT.



AT CANTERBURY ON JULY 12, 1949: KING GEORGE VI., WHO PRESENTED A ROYAL CHARTER TO THE ANCIENT KING'S SCHOOL, STANDING ON THE NORMAN STAIRCASE, WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH.



ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JULY 10, 1947, TO UNVEIL THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN MEMORIAL: KING GEORGE VI. IN UNIFORM AS A MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F., WITH HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH.



OPENING A PUMPING STATION AT WOLFERTON ON FEBRUARY 2, 1948, KING GEORGE VI., WHO AS A NORFOLK LANDOWNER WAS SPECIALLY INTERESTED IN AN INSTALLATION PLANNED TO PUT 11,000 ACRES OF MARSH INTO ARABLE PRODUCTION.



HOST TO QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS DURING THEIR STATE VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER, 1950: H.M. THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN, THE ROYAL VISITORS FROM THE NETHERLANDS, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



GREETING QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK WITH A KISS AS HER HUSBAND, KING FREDERIK, LOOKS ON: THE KING AT VICTORIA STATION IN MAY, 1951, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DANISH STATE VISIT.



WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND MME. AURIOL ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR STATE VISIT TO LONDON IN MARCH, 1950: H.M. THE KING WITH THE QUEEN AND HIS GUESTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



INSPECTING AIR-LIFT PERSONNEL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN DECEMBER, 1949: THE KING AT A PARADE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE BERLIN AIR-LIFT OPERATIONS IN 1948 AND 1949.



MAKING HIS SPEECH IN WESTMINSTER HALL ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE REBUILT HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE KING, WITH THE QUEEN AT HIS SIDE, ON OCTOBER 26, 1950.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM SCOTLAND ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1951: THE KING, WHO HAD CURTAILED HIS HOLIDAY AT BALMORAL, RETURNED TO LONDON TO HAVE FURTHER TREATMENT BEFORE HIS LUNG OPERATION.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, WHICH HE OPENED ON MAY 3, 1951: THE KING WITH THE QUEEN AND MR. J. W. BOWEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.



TOURING THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION ON MAY 4, 1951: THE KING WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET DURING THEIR INFORMAL NINETY-MINUTE VISIT ON THE OPENING DAY.



VISITING A THEATRE A WEEK BEFORE HIS DEATH: THE KING, PRECEDED BY THE QUEEN, ARRIVING AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A DEVOTED HUSBAND AND A BELOVED FATHER: THE FAMILY LIFE OF KING GEORGE THE SIXTH.



THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH: A GROUP SHOWING (STANDING, L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, KING GEORGE V., THE DUKE OF YORK (LATER KING GEORGE VI.), THE EARL OF STRATHMORE; (SEATED, L. TO R.) LADY ELPHINSTONE, QUEEN MARY, THE DUCHESS OF YORK (LATER QUEEN ELIZABETH) WITH THE BABY PRINCESS, THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.



FAMILY LIFE AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1936, BEFORE KING GEORGE WAS CALLED TO THE THRONE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WITH THE TWO PRINCESSES AND SOME OF THEIR DOGS.



AFTER THE WAR, BUT NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ENGAGEMENT: THE KING AND QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED AT WINDSOR WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS BEFORE THE PRINCESSES WENT FOR A RIDE ON THEIR HORSES.



ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED OF ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS: THE LATE KING RIDING WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH (ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY) AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON APRIL 21, 1939.



A ROYAL KNITTING PARTY: A DELIGHTFUL INFORMAL FAMILY GROUP, WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH WINDING WOOL, AND HER TWO CHILDREN, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET, GRAVELY AT WORK WITH THEIR KNITTING.



AT ABERGELDIE, DURING THE 1939 KING'S CAMP, AS THE FAMOUS DUKE OF YORK'S CAMPS HAD THEN BECOME: KING GEORGE, WEARING THE KILT, WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE YOUNG PRINCESSES, ELIZABETH AND MARGARET.

The death of his Majesty King George VI. on February 6 not only robbed the Commonwealth of its head and his subjects of a well-beloved King; but also his own family of a devoted husband and a loving and loved father and grandfather. The family life of King George and Queen Elizabeth and their children has been an ideal family life, marked with an obvious love, devotion and gaiety; and on

this page and the four which follow it we reproduce a number of photographs chosen to illustrate that aspect of the Royal family, to record and to recall to the memories of our readers some of those incidents which built up the innumerable bonds of affection and almost personal interest which link them with their loyal and devoted subjects, at home and overseas.



BEFORE HE TOOK ON THE HEAVY BURDENS OF KINGSHIP: H.M. THE KING WITH A TIBETAN LION DOG AND TWO HUN-DOGS AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, IN JUNE, 1936.



DURING THE WAR YEARS: THE QUEEN IN MAY, 1944, WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO IS HOLDING A CORGI PUPPY IN HER ARMS, AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



AWAY FROM THE CARES OF STATE: AN INFORMAL THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS WALKING THROUGH A CORN-FIELD AT SANDRINGHAM, IN HARVEST-TIME, 1943.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING WITH THE QUEEN AND THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS WALKING THROUGH A CORN-FIELD AT SANDRINGHAM, IN HARVEST-TIME, 1943.



VISITING THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT IN 1931: THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH, ACCOMPANIED BY HER PARENTS, ARRIVING AT OLYMPIA.



AT THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS ANNE ON OCTOBER 21, 1950: THE KING AND QUEEN, QUEEN MARY, THE BABY'S PARENTS AND PRINCE CHARLES.



AT BALMORAL DURING THE ROYAL FAMILY'S HOLIDAY LAST SUMMER: PRINCE CHARLES IS SEATED ASTRIDE A SCULPTURED DEER TO HIS OWN AMUSEMENT AND THAT OF HIS GRANDPARENTS, PARENTS AND AUNT.



IN THE GROUNDS OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR: THE KING AND QUEEN ENJOYING THE WARMTH



QUEEN WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS SITTING HAPPILY IN THE GROUNDS OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, ONE OF THEIR HAPPIEST FAMILY RETREATS: THE KING WITH FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN APRIL, 1940.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING AFTER HIS OPERATION: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE QUEEN AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON PRINCE CHARLES' THIRD BIRTHDAY LAST NOVEMBER.



FATHER AND DAUGHTER: A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR.



PLAYING WITH THE WELSH CORGI AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR, ONE OF THEIR HAPPIEST FAMILY RETREATS: THE KING WITH FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN APRIL, 1940.



WITH HER PARENTS ON AN IMPORTANT OCCASION IN HER LIFE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON HER EIGHTEENTH AND ROYAL COMING-OF-AGE BIRTHDAY IN APRIL, 1944.



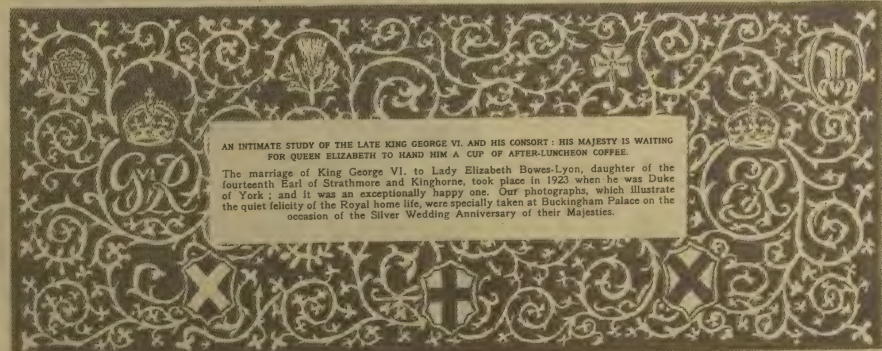
ENJOYING A JOKE: THE KING WITH QUEEN MARY AND HIS DAUGHTERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON JULY 31, 1946, DURING THE PRESENTATION TO THE KING OF SOME NETHERLANDS-BRED HORSES.



KING GEORGE VI. ABOUT TO TURN ON THE NEWS: HIS LATE MAJESTY AND HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH, ENJOYING A BRIEF PERIOD OF FREEDOM FROM STATE CEREMONIAL AND OFFICIAL DUTIES IN THEIR LONDON RESIDENCE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE LATE KING BY HIS OWN FIRESIDE WITH HIS CONSORT: HIS MAJESTY QUIETLY READING A JOURNAL, WHILE QUEEN ELIZABETH SITS OPPOSITE TO HIM PLAYING PATIENCE, IN ONE OF THE SUPERBLY FURNISHED ROOMS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. AND HIS CONSORT: HIS MAJESTY IS WAITING FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HAND HIM A CUP OF AFTER-LUNCHEON COFFEE.
The marriage of King George VI. to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, took place in 1923 when he was Duke of York; and it was an exceptionally happy one. Our photographs, which illustrate the quiet felicity of the Royal home life, were specially taken at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the Silver Wedding Anniversary of their Majesties.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

UNTIL I consulted the new R.H.S. "Dictionary" a few moments ago, I had always believed that all the phloxes were natives of America. I now find that there is one

Asiatic species called *Phlox sibirica*, which, however, is not known to cultivation. At the same time, I

THE DWARF PHLOXES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

variety *P. d. laphamii*, with darker-coloured flowers, which I have never greatly admired, and I have seen—but had no desire to acquire—a white form. A recent introduction, *P. d. "Chattahoochee,"* of which I have heard rumours, is described as deep lavender with reddish eye. I look forward to making its acquaintance, if only to decide whether it is as thrilling as it sounds.

Phlox divaricata is found as a woodland plant in its native north-eastern America, and must be a lovely sight carpeting the ground as bluebells carpet our English woods. Here it is easy to grow in full sun, in any good, light, fairly nourishing soil.

Phlox adsurgens was first introduced from Oregon and California in 1888, but would appear to have been lost to English gardens until about a decade ago, which was when I first fell in love with it. It is a creeping plant with roundish leaves, and heads of large flowers of an exceptionally attractive pure rose-pink, with a rayed effect of white, on stems 3 or 4 ins. high. But for one fad or phobia, it is easy to grow. In my experience

Perhaps the "purple" of *Phlox amœna* itself is meant. But that again is not very helpful—unless you have *amœna* at hand to match *amœna* with, or a colour-chart, which I haven't.

Anyway, it's not my idea of purple.

The phlox which comes nearest to purple—among the dwarf rock-garden species—is a newcomer called "Temiscaming." It is one of the mossy mat-formers, and covers itself with a solid sheet of flowers of a barbaric purplish-crimson-magenta. A difficult, quarrelsome colour to place in the garden, but in the right company it is extremely effective. Another fine newcomer is a form of *Phlox stolonifera* called "Blue Ridge." An easy trailing plant, it puts on a splendid show of violet or blue-violet blossom. The species and varieties of the mossy-leaved, mat-forming phloxes are endless, and I dare not begin to try to sort them out into botanical correctness as to specific names, especially as many of them are probably hybrids. Some of them have fancy garden names, and that perhaps is safest, and certainly the easiest way. *Phlox "G. F. Wilson"* is an old, old favourite, a grand and rampant trailer with clear lavender-blue flowers, and *P. "Vivid"* is another antique, a neater, less rampant trailer than "G. F. Wilson," which becomes a dense carpet of warm, clear pink which verges—but not dangerously—on salmon. "Vivid" is a plant of all time. *Phlox douglasii* is another neat carpeter which hides every scrap of its foliage with close-packed blossom in early summer. There are several named colour forms, in tones of lavender and violet. My own favourite is called "Lilac Queen." It is deep violet.

When plant collecting in north-west America, my wife and I, staying in Portland, Oregon, were taken to Mount Hood by Mrs. A. C. V. Berry, one of America's keenest, most enterprising and most accomplished gardeners. It was a longish run out by car from Portland to the lower slopes of the mountain, and when the car could take us no farther, we ranged over vast open scree and meadowy uplands where the wild flowers were a marvel. The plant which I remember most vividly was *Phlox diffusa*. It grew by the acre and by the million. Compact mats, seldom more than a foot across, and each mat solid with close-packed blossom, in every tone of lilac and lavender, and here and there a white. There was no hope, during the prevailing heat, of collecting specimens and getting them home to England alive. All I could do was to range about among them, enjoying their beauty, and looking enviously at a few outstandingly fine colour forms—an enforced collector's holiday.

All these dwarf phloxes, species, varieties and hybrids are invaluable for painting the rock-garden and the flower-border edges gay, and they are most satisfactorily easy to grow. I have named only a few of those which may be had from any good nursery that specialises in Alpine plants. The best way of acquiring a selection of those which you will best like is to visit a nursery, or nurseries, and see them growing and in flower, and make your choice. In addition, a small gamble on catalogue descriptions is always worth while. You may get some colour surprises, but you cannot go wrong. I have yet to meet an unpleasing rock-garden phlox.



"FIRST INTRODUCED FROM OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1888," BUT APPARENTLY LOST TO CULTIVATION "UNTIL ABOUT A DECADE AGO, WHICH WAS WHEN I FIRST FELL IN LOVE WITH IT": *Phlox adsurgens*, "A CREEPING PLANT WITH ROUNDISH LEAVES, AND HEADS OF LARGE FLOWERS OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE PURE ROSE-PINK."

have learnt many important and tiresome things about the family. Running through the several pages of descriptions of the phlox species, hybrids and varieties, has given me many shocks and jolts as to their naming, and has left me so shattered and bemused that I almost wish I had never consulted Authority. How much easier if I had set out to write about the dwarf forms—the ones which one grows in the rock-garden and in the forefront of the flower borders—as I have known them and under the names by which I have known them, in the garden and in books for as long as I can remember. After all, I write as a gardener, for gardeners, in the hope of being understood. It is little help writing about popular plants by their newly-discovered correct names, instead of the names by which—until about last Thursday—they have always and universally been known, unless one adds an explanation as to synonymy. I don't want to be classed as an ignorant ass by the botanical pundits, but at the same time I have no wish to dry up my garden friends with too much borrowed pedantry. The ruling as to correct botanical Latin plant-names is quite clear and logical. That's the snag. It's too logical and uncompromising to work smoothly—in the garden, at any rate.

The correct name is that which a plant was first given, with adequate description, by a recognised botanist. It may have been given another name at a later date, by some other authority, and this later name may have been used universally for a hundred years. But if the earlier name and description is eventually unearthed, then it must be used, and the later name, now a household word, must go. One of the saddest cases of this sort of thing is that of the "Pasque Flower," one of the loveliest of all the rarer British wild flowers, which every gardener and every amateur botanist has known as *Anemone pulsatilla*. To-day, and from now on, it must be called *Pulsatilla vulgaris*, and thus practically every book on gardening, every nurseryman's catalogue, and every British Flora—even Bentham and Hooker—is incorrect and hopelessly out of date.

It is as though it were suddenly discovered and proved beyond a shadow of doubt that William Shakespeare was a changeling, and that his real name was Sidney Buggins. What would be the result of that? Can you imagine a production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Buggins Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon being announced on the playbills as by Sidney Buggins?

But to get back to the dwarf phloxes. *Phlox divaricata* is still, thank goodness, *divaricata*, and still one of the most attractive of all, with its clumpy habit, broad leaves, and heads of relatively large, lavender-blue flowers on 12-in. stems. There is a



"ANOTHER FINE NEWCOMER IS A FORM OF *Phlox stolonifera* CALLED "BLUE RIDGE." AN EASY TRAILING PLANT, IT PUTS ON A SPLENDID SHOW OF VIOLET OR BLUE-VIOLET BLOSSOM."

it is a lime-hater. But a deep, generous pocket or bed of fairly rich; peaty, lime-free soil is not difficult to provide, and is very well worth the trouble. *Phlox amœna* is another of the broad-leaved species, a clump-former, with handsome heads—on 5- to 6-in. stems—of deep pink, almost crimson, flowers, which are officially described as "phlox-purple." This does not seem to me to be a particularly helpful analogy, for phloxes may be any tone of pink, crimson, salmon, salmon-scarlet, violet or lavender.



"A PLANT OF ALL TIME" AND ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MOSSY PHLOXES: *Phlox "Vivid"*—"A DENSE CARPET OF WARM, CLEAR PINK WHICH VERGES—BUT NOT DANGEROUSLY—ON SALMON."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.



THE LATE KING—HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE SIXTH.

BORN, DECEMBER 14, 1895; ACCEDED TO THE THRONE, DECEMBER 11, 1936; DIED, FEBRUARY 6, 1952.

From the portrait by Commander Denis Fildes, painted for the Imperial Defence College. (Copyright reserved.)



THE NEW QUEEN—HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND.
QUEEN OF THIS REALM, AND OF HER OTHER REALMS AND TERRITORIES, HEAD OF THE COMMONWEALTH.
From the portrait by Commander [unclear], painted for the Second Battalion, The Grenadier Guards. (Copyright reserved.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FRUITS OF A CONSIDERABLE INDUSTRY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE cannot be many crafts which are born and die within a century—off-hand I can think of one only, and that is the subject of this note. I was reminded of it the other day when someone was talking of the virtues of thrift, of acquiring possessions and taking care of them, and of how these admirable copybook maxims can lead a man astray unless he knows his way about the world—for, said he, I knew a man once who had some very good old Sheffield Plate and, as the copper was showing through in places, he had the whole lot electroplated—and that was that.

The story is that a Sheffield cutler, Thomas Boulsover, after many experiments, devised a method by which silver could be fused on to copper and then the two metals rolled out into a single thin sheet. This technique in due course gave rise to a considerable industry and enabled very modest households to cut a dash. Here is Horace Walpole noting the new development with amiable disdain: "I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation. . . . One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver. I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty." Obviously Walpole had never heard of the shrewd Yorkshire saying: "Where there's muck there's money." The process, very briefly, was as follows. A small bar of silver was placed on a bar of copper, and the two

left appears to be particularly careless. He has propped his mould against a block of wood and is pouring molten metal into it from a crucible. If not to-day, then certainly to-morrow, the mould will slip, and he will pour the metal over his feet.

The industry seems to have got well into its stride by about 1760; and from then until the process was superseded by electroplating in the 1840's, a vast amount of plated goods was produced in contemporary silver styles, and many are of a high standard of workmanship. One of the earliest pieces I know is a saucepan, the inside of which is silver. Silver

The difficulty occasioned by the wish of the buyer to have his arms or monogram engraved was overcome by inserting an oval piece of real silver into the appropriate place. This was necessary because engraving, unlike chasing, would expose the copper below. Obviously, if you take a thin sheet of silver and copper and cut it, the copper will show at the edges, round the rim of the dish, for example—this rather unsightly fault (or, if you prefer it, this candid confession that the piece is plated) is concealed by a carefully adjusted silver wire. The cake-basket of Fig. 2 is finished in this way.

While some of the earlier pieces are, it must be confessed, not very well made, it would be a great mistake to imagine that the process was used merely for inferior wares. The makers very sensibly employed good men both for design and workmanship, among them the young John Flaxman, who during the twelve years from 1775 (he was twenty in that year) was producing innumerable classical patterns for Wedgwood china and also undertook a commission for Sheffield. One of his designs is seen in the candlestick on the right of the photograph in Fig. 4. Not everyone will feel that this impeccably correct sculptor is quite at his ease in applying his talents to silverware, but there it is, and this is how he began a career which was destined to lead to the monuments to Nelson, Howe and Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's, and the professorship of sculpture at the Royal Academy. I would suggest that this group of candlesticks, whatever one's special preference may be, gives a very good idea of the standard of craftsmanship attained during the last years of the eighteenth century. There is nothing specially original in any one of them and they are all clearly derived from contemporary silver

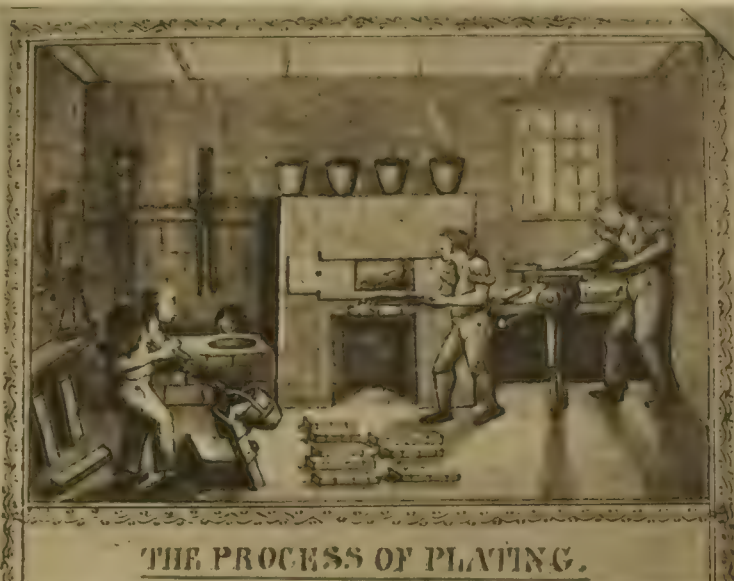


FIG. 1. HOW SHEFFIELD PLATE WAS MADE: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM A MS. OF 1832.

"A Sheffield cutler, Thomas Boulsover, after many experiments, devised a method by which silver could be fused on to copper and then the two metals rolled out into a single thin sheet. This technique . . . gave rise to a considerable industry." It is illustrated in this drawing from "A short account of the founders of the silver and plated establishments in Sheffield," by R. M. Hirst, 1832. Illustrations by courtesy of the Sheffield City Museum.

models were followed in Sheffield plate—at times, indeed, sailing too close to the wind, for some bear dummy hall-marks. These might perhaps catch the eye of a guest and give him the impression that his host had genuine silver on his table! It is not necessary to assume that the makers were deliberately deceiving the public. To sell plated goods as silver was, and is, a felony, and I should imagine too unprofitable and dangerous an occupation. Most people consider that these dummy marks, which are found occasionally on early pieces, were placed there as a concession to mild snobbery and to the desire of so many worthy people to keep up with the Smiths. All the same, the last word remained with Goldsmiths' Hall, and the practice came to an end in 1772 as a result of innumerable complaints. In other words, any piece bearing bogus hall-marks is pretty certain to be early.



FIG. 2. A SHEFFIELD PLATE CAKE-BASKET PIERCED AND CHASED: BY MATTHEW FENTON AND CO., 1780.

A carefully adjusted silver wire at the edge of this pierced and chased Sheffield plate basket conceals the fact that the copper shows at the edges.

bound together. This was put into a furnace in the door of which was a hole through which the operator could look. The melting point of silver is a little below that of copper, so that when the silver was seen to run, the mould was taken out of the furnace, stripped, and the silver would be found to have fused on to the copper.

Fig. 1 is from a MS. description, of the year 1832. The mould is seen in the rudimentary furnace in the centre, the door of which is open, and in the middle of the door is the spyhole. Factory inspectors and modern metal-workers will note with horror that the operations are being carried on with complete disregard of the most elementary safety precautions. The little man on the



FIG. 3. WITH A BLUE GLASS LINER: A MUSTARD-POT OF SHEFFIELD PLATE PIERCED WITH FESTOON MEDALLION DECORATION.

The pattern of this mustard-pot of Sheffield plate is familiar in silver. Salts, pepper-pots and mustard-pots were made in sets in Sheffield plate.



FIG. 4. FIVE CANDLESTICKS OF DIFFERENT DESIGNS IN SHEFFIELD PLATE: GIVING "A VERY GOOD IDEA OF THE STANDARD OF CRAFTSMANSHIP ATTAINED DURING THE LAST YEARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

The designs on these old Sheffield plate candlesticks are (l. to r.) anchors on base, rams' heads and festoons on pillar, 1780; medallion of Washington on pillar, by M. Fenton and Co., 1780; rams' heads, festoon and urn ornament, 1780; festoon, medallion and bead ornament, 1785; Flaxman design with figures and snakes, by M. Fenton and Co., 1780.

patterns. But they are beautifully put together and there is nothing slipshod about them—it is next to impossible to detect that the bases were made in four separate pieces. Perhaps it was fortunate that the rise of the industry happened to coincide with so fresh and charming a style.

Later—by, say, 1820—the great blight began, and monstrous incrustations, the nightmares of [demented] pastrycooks, replaced the clear lines of the older tradition. The cake-basket of Fig. 2 is a good example of a great multitude of pieces which are pierced and chased. Another pattern, familiar enough in silver, is seen in the mustard-pot of Fig. 3, also pierced and chased, and with a blue glass liner. Salts, pepper-pots and these mustard-pots were made in sets, and very pretty they are.



THE DESCENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II., SHOWING HER RELATIONSHIP TO QUEEN ELIZABETH I., UNDER WHOSE RULE MANY SPLENDID PAGES WERE WRITTEN IN THE ANNALS OF THIS COUNTRY: A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND, FROM EGBERT TO THE PRESENT DAY.

THE BABYHOOD OF A QUEEN:
SOME EARLY PORTRAITS.

AS THE CHILD WHO WON ALL
HEARTS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BABY WHO WAS TO BE QUEEN OF ENGLAND: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN HER PERAMBULATOR.



CHRISTENED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON MAY 29, 1926: THE BABY PRINCESS ELIZABETH SEEN WITH HER PARENTS AFTER THE CEREMONY.



ON HER GRANDMOTHER'S KNEE: THE ELEVEN-MONTH-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH QUEEN MARY, DURING HER PARENTS' TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.



JULY, 1928: 'A CHILDHOOD STUDY OF THE CURLY-HAIRED LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE THEN DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



REUNITED: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER MOTHER AFTER THE RETURN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK FROM THEIR AUSTRALIAN TOUR.



AGED EIGHT: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN NOVEMBER, 1934, IN WHICH MONTH SHE WAS A BRIDESMAID TO THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



WITH HER BABY SISTER, WHO WAS BORN IN 1930: SIX-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, IN JULY, 1932.



NURSERY EQUESTRIANS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AGED SIX, WITH HER SISTER AT LADY STRATHMORE'S ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME AT ST. PAUL'S, WALDEN BURY, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.



THE CHILD WHO SO EARLY SECURED A FIRM HOLD ON THE AFFECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AGED THREE.

When Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary was born at 17, Bruton Street, Mayfair, on April 21, 1926, the first child of the Duke and Duchess of York, there was little reason to believe that the baby would one day be Queen of England. But the first lessons in the duties of State, to which her father was so devotedly to dedicate his life, were gradually learnt by the young Princess, whose parents were determined

she should enjoy as normal and happy a childhood as possible. Some incidents from the babyhood and early childhood of the Princess are shown on this page: on the following three pages we show further photographs of the childhood and girlhood of the Princess whose early days were spent in the midst of a happy and devoted family who won the affection and admiration of all.



THE YOUNG HORSEWOMAN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, ON HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 21, 1939, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A FAVOURITE PONY, IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



A DELIGHTFUL INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH ONE OF THE CORGI, WHICH HAVE BEEN HER PETS FOR SO MANY YEARS, DURING A HOLIDAY AT GLAMIS CASTLE IN OCTOBER, 1937.



IN JUNE, 1939, THE THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS WON THE CHALLENGE SHIELD COMPETITION IN THE LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SWIMMING COMPETITIONS AT THE BATH CLUB; AND IS HERE SEEN IN THE LIFE-SAVING TEST.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS A SWIMMER: PHOTOGRAPHED IN BATHING COSTUME IN JUNE, 1939, WHEN SHE TOOK PART IN THE BATH CLUB SWIMMING COMPETITIONS.



LEARNING TO RIDE IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT NINE, OUT WITH HER RIDING MASTER. SHE SOON BECAME AN ACCOMPLISHED HORSEWOMAN.



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TWO SISTERS, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WHILE THEIR PARENTS WERE STILL THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK—WITH A PUPPY THEY HAD RECEIVED FROM EX-SERVICE MEN AT A SALE OF WORK.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS A SEA RANGER. IN 1940 A CREW OF SEA RANGERS WAS FORMED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, IN WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTAINED THE RANK OF BOBUN. TAKEN AT A NATIONAL SEA SCOUTS EXHIBITION.



A DELIGHTFUL CHILDHOOD SNAPSHOT: THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS ELIZABETH PULLS UP HER SOCK AFTER STEPPING OUT OF THE CAR, WHEN PAYING A VISIT TO THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA, IN MAY, 1933.



THE TWO SISTERS AT THEIR LESSONS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET HARD AT WORK—WHILE THEIR CORGI SLEEPS—IN THE SCHOOLROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JUNE, 1940.



EVERY CHILD'S LONDON PLEASURE—A VISIT TO THE ZOO: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THEIR GOVERNESS AND SOME YOUNG FRIENDS ENJOYING AN ELEPHANT RIDE IN REGENT'S PARK.



KING GEORGE VI WITH HIS TWO DAUGHTERS IN PARTY DRESS: A CHARMING STUDY TAKEN IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS TWELVE AND PRINCESS MARGARET EIGHT—WITH THE CORGI FULL OF PRIDE.



"ALADDIN" AND "PRINCESS ROXANA": PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS PRINCIPAL BOY AND PRINCESS MARGARET AS PRINCIPAL GIRL IN THE WINDSOR CASTLE PASTOROME OF 1943, ONE OF SEVERAL CHRISTMAS PRODUCTIONS.



THE DUETTISTS: WHILE PRINCESS ELIZABETH PLAYS THE TREBLE, PRINCESS MARGARET SUFFERS THE BASS—AND THE CORGI WHEELS THAT PRACTICE TAKES TOO LONG. IN THE WINDSOR CASTLE SCHOOLROOM, JUNE, 1940.



"BEING THE LONDON RIVER": PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH REAR-ADMIRAL BASIL BROOKE, IN THE LAUNCH IN WHICH SHE AND HER SISTER MADE A TRIP TO SEE THE THAMES IN THE SUMMER OF 1940.



GIRL GUIDES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH (RIGHT) AND PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) AT BROMFORD IN JUNE, 1942. PRINCESS ELIZABETH WON SEVERAL BADGES AS A GIRL GUIDE.



DURING A VISIT TO "BEKONSOT," THE MODEL VILLAGE NEAR BEACONSFIELD, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: THE YOUNG PRINCESS ELIZABETH DWARFS A ROW OF THE TINY COTTAGES. HER SISTER ACCOMPANIED HER ON THIS VISIT.



TRYING HER SKILL AS A MARKSWOMAN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKING PART IN A RIFLE-SHOOTING CONTEST ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. VANGUARD DURING THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA, 1947.



AT LONDON UNIVERSITY ON JULY 10, 1946: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AFTER RECEIVING HER FIRST HONORARY DEGREE—THAT OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.



ON THE MATOPO HILLS, SOUTH AFRICA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN STOCKING FEET, HAVING LENT HER SHOES TO HER MOTHER, WHO HAD DAMAGED HERS, WHEN CLIMBING.



WEARING THE RIBBON OF H.M.S. VANGUARD, IN WHICH SHE MADE THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA IN 1947 WITH HER PARENTS AND SISTER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



WITH ONE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY'S PET CORGIS, SUE: A CAREFREE SNAPSHOT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR.



THE ROYAL JUNIOR COMMANDANT: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AFTER SHE HAD BEEN GAZETTED TO A COMMISSION IN THE A.T.S. IN 1944.



THE FUTURE QUEEN DANCING AT THE CALEDONIAN BALL IN LONDON IN 1946: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IS SHOWN TAKING PART IN AN EIGHTSOME REEL.



IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE, STUDYING HER COLLECTION OF STAMPS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, SHORTLY BEFORE SHE LEFT FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN FEBRUARY, 1947.

THE LOVE STORY OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

THE ENGAGEMENT AND
MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS.



THE ROYAL PAIR: IN THE SUMMER BEFORE THEIR CANADIAN TOUR, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKING IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOME, CLARENCE HOUSE.



IN THE HALCYON DAYS OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT: PRINCESS ELIZABETH DANCING WITH LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN (AS HE THEN WAS) AT AN EDINBURGH BALL SOON AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.



A PUBLIC OCCASION DURING THE DAYS OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT: THE PRINCESS ARRIVES AT WOKINGHAM TO DISTRIBUTE PRIZES AT THE ROYAL MERCHANT NAVY SCHOOL, AND IS ASSISTED BY HER FIANCÉ.



(ABOVE.) ON HER HONEYMOON: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER HUSBAND, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT BROADLANDS, LORD MOUNTBATTEN'S HOUSE, ROMSEY.



(ABOVE.) WITH HER BELOVED FATHER AND HER HUSBAND-TO-BE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH KING GEORGE VI. AND LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN AT GLASGOW, DURING JULY, 1947.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE DAY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT WAS MADE, JULY 9, 1947: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN, IN UNIFORM.



THE YOUNG WIFE: THE FIRST OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO BE TAKEN IN HER MARRIED HOME, CLARENCE HOUSE.



THE RADIANT BRIDE AND THE GALLANT BRIDE-GROOM: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN HER WEDDING-DRESS, AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ON THE DAY OF THEIR MARRIAGE, NOVEMBER 20, 1947.

Despite the sorrows which must cloud the thoughts of our new Queen and the heavy responsibilities which already press upon her, we have chosen in the pages in which we illustrate her life from babyhood to motherhood, to stress the gay and happy moments of her life. The world knows of her sense of duty and responsibility, the grave grace and dignity with which she performed all the public and ceremonial functions of the Heir to the Throne; and can foresee without effort her devoted assumption of the yet higher and lonelier duties of Majesty. Here we turn aside to record the child, the girl, the bride and mother whose charm, gaiety, beauty and transparent happiness have made her beloved by all her subjects and far beyond the bounds of her realms.

NOT for the first time in the recent history of Egypt, a Government enjoying the fullest popular support and fully representative of the electorate has stirred up fanaticism till it has raised a monster, terrifying even to itself. Not for the first time, amid general sighs of relief, it has been succeeded by a Government without a parliamentary majority or a following in the country, and the result has been an immediate easing of tension. Maher Pasha succeeds Nahas Pasha in 1952 in circumstances similar to those in which Ziwar Pasha succeeded Zaghlul Pasha in 1924. I do not intend any criticism of modern parliamentary democracy, even as applied to Egypt. The point is that in the first instance the change gave satisfaction not alone to British but to the majority of Egyptian opinion and that it led to the cooling of hot-heads. Let us hope that this will be the case now. If it is to be, I feel that both sides, and especially the British Press, will have to make a contribution. In an earlier article on this subject I tried to keep the controversy on a low note, to recall the tradition of friendship with the Egyptian Army, to point out that, despite the Treaty, many Egyptians felt honestly that they must take decisive action to assert the independence of their country.

The action of many has been utterly wrong-headed; that of a smaller number has been criminal and murderous. The passion and lust for destruction of the latter has done more ill to the city of Cairo than to the foreigners whose buildings they have burnt. Too late, the Government denounced them as traitors to the country. It itself had made the witches' brew which they had drunk. Yet the heat of the struggle and the indignation over the death of British Servicemen in the Canal Zone are scarcely an adequate excuse for the strident and irresponsible comment occasionally heard in this country. The auxiliary police bear the responsibility for the bloodshed, in our ranks as well as in theirs, yet the bravery they displayed, while it does not excuse their deeds, ought at least to impose a moderation of tone in condemning them. If we desire, as we surely must, that the sober mood which has followed the atrocities in Cairo shall continue, let us hope that on our side the danger and peril of dissipating it will be recognised. Among the best recent news about Egypt was a paragraph in *The Times* on February 2 stating that, in reply to a request made through the British Embassy in Cairo, pumps and other fire-fighting equipment were being sent by air to Egypt to replace those destroyed in the riots.

In short, although a settlement still remains a matter of great difficulty, and the present Egyptian Government professes that its aims are similar to those of the last, prospects have obviously become better. It cannot be guaranteed that they will look no worse when these lines appear than they do while they are being written, but there seems to be ground for hope that recent terrible lessons will not be forgotten. If they are, the chances now afforded may not recur. It should never be overlooked that the scheme put forward in outline by the United States, Britain, France and Turkey depends entirely on Egyptian friendship. It is not one which could be profitably carried out by force alone; indeed, the very presence of force would vitiate it and deprive it of its desired effect. Thus the plea which I have made is not dictated by sentiment or humanity alone. It is called for also in the interests of the highest policy. The events in Cairo are indeed closely connected with those on the Canal, but they differ from them in being inspired by a revolutionary element which has made use of the differences between Britain and Egypt as a veil or a disguise. It is to the interest of both countries that this lawlessness should be extinguished, just as it is to the interest of influence hostile to both that it should continue.

From the strictly military or tactical point of view my forecast of the situation in the Suez Canal Zone has proved fairly correct. It seemed to me that, awkward as this was, it had certain favourable points. Our forces were isolated from the main centres of population. They were not stationed in close country in which ambushes and surprise assaults would be easy, but in an open area not affording much cover. They could control the terminals of the Canal, so that the Navy could bring in and, if necessary, unload their cargoes.

They could be assured of supply by air. One would have to search the world with care in order to find a region in which forces of the three Services would have a better chance of maintaining themselves against a guerrilla campaign or the attacks of a hostile civil population. This has generally been found true. Yet I need hardly say that in putting forward this view I had in mind a period of emergency and that I did not contemplate such conditions becoming permanent. I pointed out that our forces were well disposed for the purpose of fighting, if necessary, for time for the initiation of cool and sensible conversations.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN EGYPT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

That is what was asked of them. They have carried out their duty admirably and suffered appreciable loss in so doing.

Many years ago, when I began work on the Official History of the campaigns of Egypt and Palestine in the First World War, I had to record that the chief object of Britain and the Levant was to keep open and defend the Suez Canal. Some people have stated recently that this is no longer an aim, which is an absurd comment. What is true is that it is an aim which no longer takes as much precedence as it used to. Egypt is to-day regarded in the light of a base



THE KING OF EGYPT, WHO DISMISSED THE WAFDIST GOVERNMENT AFTER THE RIOTING IN CAIRO: KING FAROUK.

After the Cairo rioting of January 26, King Farouk on January 27 dismissed the Wafdist Government of Nahas Pasha and called on Aly Maher Pasha to form a new Government. On hearing of the death of King George VI, he ordered six days' Court mourning, and he arranged to be represented at the funeral, to which the Egyptian Government were sending a mission.



EGYPT'S NEW INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT: ALY MAHER PASHA (CENTRE), PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WAR AND MARINE, WITH A GROUP OF HIS MINISTERS.

King Farouk on January 27 sent a Royal courier with a message of dismissal to Nahas Pasha, the then Prime Minister, and at the same time appointed Aly Maher Pasha, Prime Minister and Military Governor of Egypt. Aged sixty-eight, Aly Maher Pasha is Egypt's best-known elder statesman, an Independent, and former Prime Minister. The Egyptian Ministers are Aly Maher Pasha (Premier), Mortada Maraghi Bey (Interior), Dr. Zaki Abdel Motal (Finance and National Economy), Hamed Soliman Pasha (Public Works), Abdel Khalek Hassouna Pasha (Education), Mahmoud Hassan Pasha (Social Affairs), Ibrahim Abdel Wahab Pasha (Minister of State), Saad el-Laban (Moslem Charities), Salib Samy Pasha (Communications), Mohamed Ali Namazi Pasha (Justice), Ibrahim Shawky Pasha (Health), and, appointed on February 6, Dr. Abdel Galil Elemery Bey (Commerce and Supply), Mohamed Aly Rushdi Bey (Municipal Affairs), Mohamed Zohair Garana (Rural Affairs) and Alfonso Greiss Bey (Agriculture). Captain Cyril Falls, writing on the new Government of Egypt, states "... although a settlement still remains a matter of great difficulty and the present Egyptian Government professes that its aims are similar to those of the last, prospects have obviously become better."

possessing the unique advantage that it is a Mediterranean base which can be used even if the transport of supplies by water inside the Mediterranean has become impossible. There are certain other reasons why it should be superior to any alternative bases in the Eastern Mediterranean, but here is the chief one. The double approach through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea gives Egypt its chief significance. Even

in the First World War this characteristic of a central base emerged. The Dardanelles and Palestine campaigns and, in great part, the Macedonian depended upon Egypt. It was because the Senussi were instigated into interfering with the base that another and smaller war broke out in the Western Desert. Aden was held against Turkish attack through the medium of Egypt.

This situation adds emphasis to my point that only a friendly Egypt can afford efficient service to the defence of the Middle East, which includes the defence of Egypt herself. In time of war a large proportion of the fighting troops in the Middle East would probably be far from Egypt, as they were in the greater part of the Second World War. They would not be sitting along the Suez Canal. Even with all the machinery of martial law at their disposal, the mainly administrative troops would not be in as good a position to defend themselves against hostile acts as the force under the orders of General Sir George Erskine. The task of attempting to persuade Egypt to enter a Middle East defence community must therefore be resumed with all energy. Once more the good offices of the Powers associated with Britain in the original proposals will be of value. And this may apply with particular force to Turkey, Egypt's former suzerain, whose relations with her are friendly. It is possible that we have not hitherto given as wide opportunity to Turkish influence as would have been wise; certainly the Turks seem to think so.

Fortunately, the new Egyptian Prime Minister is prepared to give consideration to this project, so summarily rejected by his predecessor. This time, if conversations can be started, proposals should come from both sides simultaneously and there should be no question of their being imposed from one side. It should be borne in mind that Aly Maher Pasha, whatever his private views, must take into account a highly susceptible public opinion. It is necessary not only to safeguard Egyptian rights and liberties but to make it clear to public opinion that this is the earnest desire of the signatory Powers and of the United Kingdom most of all. That Egypt should be touchy about possible infringement upon her national prestige is in no way extraordinary. We need only recall how determined Turkey was that she should not enter the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation in any capacity of inferiority. It should be matter for consideration whether our plan—not published in more than bare outline—would stand modification to meet Egyptian views without its value being seriously impaired. The second-best which works must always be of more use than the ideal which does not.

I am as certain as I have ever been of the need for British and American forces in the Middle East. A whole chain of nations furnish strength to the cause of the West, but only if the West, for its part, stands among them and only if they are united in themselves. Already unity has increased—witness the present relations between Greece and Turkey. On the other hand, the area embodies also hostility, as between Israel and her Arab neighbours to east and north, and downright hatred, as between Israel and Egypt. Here is a field calling for the calm, the good sense, the appeal to sanity, which Britain has in the past made use of in

similar situations. In this case she obviously cannot wait to act, cannot let the work of organising a defence community languish, until all differences in the region are composed, but she ought never to weary of the task of composing them. She herself could rake up grievances against Israel. Her soldiers were killed by Jewish bullets. Yet when it is impossible to go back upon the past it becomes fruitless to brood over it. The goal to-day should be that of securing a reasonable measure of toleration in the Middle East so that the wounds inflicted by old quarrels may be healed. Only by such a policy can there be a possibility of creating stability and strength. Egypt and Israel may be bitter foes, but neither desires to be implicated in a plot to destroy the liberties of mankind.

The fundamental quality required in this situation is patience. If the Egyptian Government would agree, the most promising approach to the problem now would be to hold a conference of five Powers: the United Kingdom, Egypt, the United States, France and Turkey. I hope arrangements for such a meeting will have been announced by the time this article is read. The Egyptian Prime Minister and the British Ambassador have already been in consultation. It looks as though we should have an opportunity to prove the sincerity of our attitude at the time of the denunciation of the Treaty, when we announced that we would meet the threat of force with force, but that we earnestly desired a fair and honourable settlement, satisfactory to Egypt. We took the right course in standing firm. We defeated the attempt to eject us from the Canal Zone. Our fighting forces appear to have afforded us the chance of exhibiting our statesmanship, which was not at its best in Egyptian affairs during the years before the explosion. Now it may redeem its reputation.



IN THE GARDEN OF CLARENCE HOUSE LAST SUMMER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE.



SUPPORTING HER BABY DAUGHTER ON A BALUSTRADE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE GROUNDS OF BALMORAL CASTLE LAST SUMMER.



AT THE CHRISTENING OF PRINCESS ANNE IN OCTOBER, 1950: THE KING TRYING TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF HIS GRANDDAUGHTER IN PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ARMS.



THE RADIANT MOTHER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER BABY SON, PRINCE CHARLES; THE FIRST INTIMATE PHOTOGRAPH OF HER WITH HER FIRST-BORN CHILD.



HOLDING HER BABY DAUGHTER IN HER ARMS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE INFANT PRINCESS ANNE AND LITTLE PRINCE CHARLES, IN SEPTEMBER, 1950.

THE MOTHERHOOD OF A QUEEN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH HER CHILDREN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The birth of a son to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on Nov. 14, 1948, was an occasion of great rejoicing for the whole nation and Commonwealth. The baby, who was christened Charles Philip Arthur George, was then second in succession to the Throne. He has now become Duke of Cornwall and

Heir-Apparent at the age of three. August 15, 1950, marked another milestone in Princess Elizabeth's life, for on that day she gave birth to a daughter, Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise. Our new Queen now faces the great future which lies ahead, supported by her devoted husband and her two children.



THE HEIR TO THE THRONE : H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES, DUKE OF CORNWALL, THE SON OF H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

His Royal Highness Prince Charles, the son of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II. and her Consort, is now the Heir-Apparent, and automatically becomes the Duke of Cornwall. He was born on November 14, 1948, at Buckingham Palace, and was christened Charles Philip Arthur George on December 15 by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Buckingham Palace. His sponsors were the Dowager Marchioness

of Milford Haven, Queen Mary, Lady Brabourne (formerly Lady Patricia Mountbatten), Prince George of Greece (for whom the Duke of Edinburgh stood proxy), his late Majesty King George VI., the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon (his great-uncle, brother of the Queen Mother), King Haakon of Norway (for whom the Earl of Athlone stood proxy) and Princess Margaret.

Portrait study by Marcus Adams.



KING GEORGE VI. AND HIS DEVOTED CONSORT: HIS LATE MAJESTY AND THE QUEEN MOTHER—TO WHOM ALL HEARTS GO OUT IN SYMPATHY AND DEEP AFFECTION.

The death of the King has brought genuine grief and a sense of loss to all, but after the first shock, our uppermost feeling has perhaps been that of heartfelt and sincere sympathy with the Queen Mother, described by Mr. Churchill in his unforgettable broadcast, on the evening of February 7, as "that valiant woman." Her devotion to her Royal husband was one of the great stays and comforts

which supported him in personal and State difficulties alike, in sorrows and in the inevitable trials and strains imposed by his high office. Her fortitude, the warmth of her personality, and her gaiety and charm roused universal admiration, and it is the prayer of all people of this country and the Commonwealth that she may be given strength in this tragic hour.

Photograph by Baron.



THE FIRST PUBLIC PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II: THE SCENE IN FRIARY COURT, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 8, WITH THE GUARDS BELOW AND THE HERALDS ON THE BALCONY FROM WHICH CARTER KING OF ARMS, SIR GEORGE BELLEW, READ THE PROCLAMATION.



BEFORE THE THIRD READING OF THE PROCLAMATION—AT TEMPLE BAR—PORTCULLIS PURSUIVANT, THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR, DEMANDS ADMISSION TO THE BOUNDS OF THE CITY.



THE PROCLAMATION AT TEMPLE BAR: NORROY AND ULSTER KING OF ARMS, SIR GERALD WOLLASTON, READS THE PROCLAMATION, FROM THE HERALDS' CAVALCADE.

THE PROCLAMATION OF "QUEEN ELIZABETH

On the morning of February 8 her Majesty the Queen held her first Privy Council in St. James's Palace, attended by nearly 200 Privy Counsellors, and made a declaration in which she said: "I shall always work, as my father did throughout his reign, to uphold Constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of my peoples, spread as they are all the world over. I know that

THE SECOND, BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEEN OF

in my resolve to follow his shining example of service and devotion, I shall be inspired by the loyalty and affection of those whose Queen I have been called to be, and by the counsel of their elected Parliaments. I pray that God will help me to discharge worthily this heavy task that has been laid upon me so early in my life." A little later the proclamation of the Queen's accession was read in



AT THE FOOT OF CHARLES I.'S STATUE, WHERE WHITEHALL RUNS INTO TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE LANCASTER HERALD, MR. A. G. B. RUSSELL, READS THE PROCLAMATION. AFTER THE CRY "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," A FANFARE WAS SOUNDED, THE NATIONAL ANTHEM PLAYED AND THE PROCESSION MOVED ON TO TEMPLE BAR.



THE SCENE ON THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE WHEN THE PROCLAMATION WAS READ FOR THE FOURTH TIME—IN THE HEART OF THE CITY. AFTER THE READING BY CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, SIR ARTHUR COCHRANE, AND THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, THE LORD MAYOR CALLED FOR THREE CHEERS FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THIS REALM": THE SCENES AT THE FOUR PROCLAMATIONS—FROM ST. JAMES'S TO THE CITY.

Friary Court, St. James's Palace, by Garter King of Arms, and this proclamation announced that "the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become Queen Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God Queen of this realm and of her other realms and territories, head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith." The procession

of heralds then drove to Trafalgar Square, where the proclamation was read a second time; thence to Temple Bar, where it was read a third time; and finally to the steps of the Royal Exchange, where it was read a fourth time. In the afternoon the Queen left with the Duke of Edinburgh by car for Sandringham, where she will see again her mother and her sister, Princess Margaret.



THE GUNS THAT MARKED THE PASSING OF THE KING: "A" BATTERY, THE 1ST REGIMENT, THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY (R.H.A.), FIRING THE FIFTY-SIX-GUN SALUTE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON AT NOON, FEBRUARY 7.



THE FIRING OF THE SALUTE FOR THE KING'S DEATH IN HYDE PARK. HERE ARE THE GUNS OF THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY. FIFTY-SIX ROUNDS—ONE FOR EACH YEAR OF THE KING'S LIFE—WERE FIRED AT ONE-MINUTE INTERVALS.

THE GUNS THAT MARKED THE PASSING OF THE KING: THE FIFTY-SIX-GUN SALUTES WHICH WERE FIRED AT THE TOWER OF LONDON AND IN HYDE PARK.

On February 6 the State Bell of St. Paul's measured out the fifty-six years of the King's life; on February 7, at noon, the guns of ships of the Royal Navy and service stations throughout the world took up the salutation and fired salutes of fifty-six guns. In London this duty fell to the Honourable Artillery Company (R.H.A.), who fired the salute at the Tower of London, under the

shadow of Tower Bridge; and to The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, who fired the salute in Hyde Park. Both of these ceremonies were watched by silent crowds. On February 8 the Honourable Artillery Company fired a salute of sixty-two guns at ten-second intervals on Tower Hill to coincide with the proclamation of the Queen's Accession.

THE QUEEN
PROCLAIMED IN
SCOTLAND,
WALES, AND
THROUGHOUT
ENGLAND.



IN WALES—FROM CARDIFF CITY HALL.

(Left.) The Queen was proclaimed on February 8 in Cardiff, where the Lord Mayor, Alderman R. Bevan, read the proclamation from Cardiff City Hall before a huge crowd, including 15,000 schoolchildren. A detachment of The Welch Regiment was drawn up before the City Hall; a fanfare was sounded before and after the reading and as the Union Flag was hoisted the crowd sang "God Save the Queen." At Caernarvon, by special permission, the proclamation was read in both Welsh and English.

(Right.) At Windsor, on February 8, the proclamation was read three times, and at each ceremony there was a guard of honour of The Life Guards and a fanfare by trumpeters of The Royal Horse Guards. The first proclamation was read by the Mayor (Alderman R. Tozer) at Queen Victoria's statue; the second by the Recorder (Mr. Norman Carr) at the Henry VIII. gateway; and the third at Windsor Bridge by the Deputy Mayor, Alderman C. Dyson.



WINDSOR—ON CASTLE HILL, BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE.



IN LANCASHIRE—AT TURTON TOWER, NEAR BOLTON.

One of the sites of the reading of the proclamation in Lancashire was outside the ancient though much-restored Turton Tower, a few miles from Bolton, and here as the chairman of the Council reads, the Union Flag rises above the battlements. Lord Derby has announced that in the County Palatine the correct form of the loyal toast will be "The Queen, Duke of Lancaster."



IN THE WEST COUNTRY—BEFORE THE WEST DOOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Among the proclamations of the Queen in the West was that read before the screen of Bishops de Grandisson and de Brantyngham, the great west front of Exeter Cathedral; and on the dais can be seen (left to right) the Deputy Clerk of Exeter, the Dean, the Mayor, the Sheriff, and the Bishop of Exeter.



IN LANCASHIRE—BEFORE THE TOWN HALL OF MANCHESTER.

As the Lord Mayor, Alderman W. Collinson, finishes reading the proclamation, with the words "God Save the Queen," the Union Flag is raised from half-mast. About 5000 people heard the proclamation, including many university students. The proclamation was later read at New Cross, Piccadilly, and All Saints. In the County Palatine, the Queen has a special status as "Duke of Lancaster."



IN YORKSHIRE—THE COUNTY PROCLAMATION AT YORK CASTLE.

In York itself the Queen was proclaimed with rich and time-honoured ceremony four times: first at the Mansion House, by the Lord Mayor; at the Courts, by the Recorder; at the Old Market on Pavement, by the Sheriff; and at the Minster, by the Town Clerk. The County proclamation was read by the High Sheriff at the Castle, at the foot of the mound of Clifford's Tower. The first York city proclamation was marked by the Lord Mayor drinking the new Queen's health from a gold seventeenth-century loving-cup, which he drained in a single draught.



IN EDINBURGH—FROM THE MERCAT CROSS.

The proclamation of the Queen in Scotland took place on February 8 for the first time at the Mercat Cross. It was first read to the citizens by the Lord Provost, Mr. James Miller, and then to the people of Scotland by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney. A guard of honour was provided by the 1st Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders, and there were present some fifty members of the Royal Company of Archers. A 21-gun salute was fired from the Castle. At the Castle the proclamation was read by the Albany Herald, Sir Francis Grant, now in his eighty-ninth year, who has proclaimed five sovereigns.



THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: THE MOURNING QUEENS WATCH THE BEARER-PARTY OF THE KING'S COMPANY, THE 1ST BN. THE GRENADIER GUARDS, CARRY THE COFFIN OF HIS LATE MAJESTY INTO WESTMINSTER HALL FROM NEW PALACE YARD.

Some of the most moving moments of London's sad pageant of February 11, the last journey of King George VI. to Westminster, were those when the cortège had reached its journey's end. The bearer-party of the King's Company, the 1st Battalion The Grenadier Guards, lifted the coffin draped with the Royal Standard

and surmounted by the Imperial Crown and carried it into the Hall watched by three mourning Queens—the dead Sovereign's mother, Queen Mary, his widow, the Queen Mother, and his daughter, Queen Elizabeth II. Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent were also in the group of Royal ladies.

THE LAST JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: THE KING'S SORROWING FAMILY.



DRIVING TO WESTMINSTER HALL: THE SORROWING QUEEN MOTHER, TO WHOM THE NATION'S THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS WERE TURNED.



FOLLOWING THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE BY CAR FROM SANDRINGHAM HOUSE TO WOLFERTON STATION: H.M. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER (HIDDEN).



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE AT WESTMINSTER HALL: (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN, QUEEN MARY, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

After the gun-carriage bearing the coffin of King George VI. had slowly moved off from King's Cross, the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret left the station by car. The Duchess of Kent, who had gone to the station, followed in a second car. They drove to Buckingham Palace, where they were joined by



WALKING BAREHEADED ONLY FOUR YARDS BEHIND THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE KING'S COFFIN: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Queen Mary. Later they drove from the Palace to Westminster Hall, where they awaited the arrival of the funeral cortège. The Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Edinburgh followed the King's coffin on foot from King's Cross to Westminster Hall through streets crowded with silent mourners.



THE DAY AND NIGHT VIGIL IN WESTMINSTER HALL: THE COFFIN OF KING GEORGE VI. LYING-IN-STATE AND GUARDED CONTINUOUSLY BY OFFICERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS, MEMBERS OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND BY THE KING'S GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS.

The venerable and beautiful Westminster Hall, originally built by William II. in 1097, which has witnessed so many historic events during the unfolding centuries, was the scene of the lying-in-state of King George VI., which began on the evening of February 11. Beneath the magnificent oaken rafters of Richard II. the King lay at rest on a purple catafalque. On the top of the coffin, draped with the Royal Standard, stood the Imperial State Crown, with the Sceptre, the Orb and the Queen Mother's wreath. At the four corners, and at the head

and at the foot, candles set in tall gold sticks burned continuously. During the ninety hours of the lying-in-state four officers of the Household Troops stood one at each corner of the upper dais. At the same corners, but below the dais, stood four members of the Yeomen of the Guard; while at the head of the catafalque stood two of the King's Gentlemen-at-Arms. Every twenty minutes the guards were relieved, the reliefs replacing the officers on duty in silence, except for the clink of sword scabbards.

BEFORE THE BURDEN OF MAJESTY WAS LAID ON HER:
THE SMILING PRINCESS—SO SOON TO BE QUEEN.



WITH THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA AND LADY MITCHELL AND GUESTS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE GARDEN-PARTY, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI, ON FEBRUARY 1.



A GRACEFUL, JOYOUS GESTURE IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE WELCOME GIVEN HER BY SCHOOL-CHILDREN: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE DUKE BESIDE HER, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI.



THE VISIT TO ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL, NAIROBI: PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHATTING TO THE BISHOP OF MOMBASA, WHILE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SIGNS THE BOOK, AN EPISODE DURING THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 2, WHEN THE ROYAL VISITORS FULFILLED OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENTS.



BRILLIANT SUNSHINE, GLORIOUS FLOWERS AND A SMILING ROYAL LADY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA, ON FEBRUARY 3.



A CAREFREE STUDY OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA: ON THE RUSTIC BRIDGE SPANNING SAGANA RIVER.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH PHOTOGRAPHING A LION WITH ITS KILL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, SEATED IN THE FRONT OF THE SHOOTING-BRAKE, IS OPERATING HER CINE-CAMERA.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ELIZABETH—now her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.—enjoyed a very brief holiday in Kenya, where she and her Consort arrived on February 1. After fulfilling a certain number of official engagements, they proceeded to Royal Lodge, Sagana, the hunting lodge near Nyeri which formed Kenya Colony's wedding gift to them, and until recalled by the news that the Princess had become Queen on the death of her father, they enjoyed some genuinely carefree days. The Royal garden-party at Government House, Nairobi, took place on February 1, the day of their arrival, and on February 2, after paying some official visits, they drove to Nairobi National Park, where the Princess was fortunate enough to be able to take

THE QUEEN'S LAST DAYS AS PRINCESS ELIZABETH: EVENTS OF THE BRIEF AND HAPPY KENYA VISIT.



CONGRATULATING TWO OF THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LAYING-OUT OF THE GARDENS OF ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA, AND ARRANGING THE APPOINTMENTS OF THE HOUSE: THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE.



PROBABLY THE LAST OCCASION ON WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S PERSONAL STANDARD AS HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE WAS FLOWN: THE ROYAL COUPLE ARRIVING AT NAIROBI NATIONAL PARK.



OPENING THE DOOR OF ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, USING THE KEY PRESENTED TO HER AT THE GARDEN-PARTY; WITH THE GOVERNOR.



THE ROYAL COUPLE ARRIVING AT THE POLO GROUND, NYERI: THE PRINCESS, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (WEARING GLASSES). HE TOOK PART IN A FRIENDLY MATCH.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ON THE LAWNS OF ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WALKING IN THE GROUNDS.



WEARING THE HAPPIEST OF SMILES: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE POLO GROUND NEAR ROYAL LODGE, SAGANA, ON FEBRUARY 4. THE DUKE PLAYED FIRST FOR NYERI AND THEN FOR NANYUKI.

photographs of a lion with its kill, a wildebeest. On February 3 the Royal couple drove to Royal Lodge, Sagana. The key had been presented to the Princess at the garden-party and, with the Governor beside her, she opened the door and was obviously delighted. The following morning the Princess and the Duke were up early and went riding before breakfast. Later on, news was brought that a herd of elephant had been sighted a short distance away and the Royal couple went off in their car, and were able to photograph them. In the afternoon they visited the polo ground, and the Duke of Edinburgh played. On February 5 they visited Treetops Hotel, to watch wild animals coming to a water-hole. Early in the afternoon of February 6 (local time) the Duke of Edinburgh broke the news to the Princess that she was now Queen, and arrangements were made for her Majesty's return.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NOT long ago I was reflecting on the drawback, to a novelist, of having scored a bull's-eye. Then it was Margaret Kennedy who set me off, but now we have a fresher instance, of a more acute kind. About "The Constant Nymph," indeed, opinion varies; some people think the writer has surpassed it, and I see their point. But David Walker's is a real predicament. Everyone must approach "The Pillar" (Collins; 12s. 6d.) in the light of "Geordie," with keen surmise and hope; and all must feel it as a let-down. Nor will they learn what to expect in future. This is the writer's third attempt, and he is always on a fresh tack. The one abiding factor is his talent; he might do anything, if he could think of anything to do. And so, when "Geordie" came to him from heaven, we were all enraptured. It was lighter than air, a puff of iridescent nothing, but a perfect triumph.

And now the "peacock bubble" is succeeded by a mere story, good, charming, commonplace: the story of six men who have been thrown together in a German prison camp. Old Busty is the father of the group—a prodigal and shabby father, rich in experience and sweet at heart. Because young Peter has been spoilt by wealth, has never learnt to take it, and is learning now, Busty regards him with a special fondness. Bob, the good-humoured, extravert mechanic, is attached to Adrian, a brooding intellectual who reminds him of his young brother. Mark, the fanatical escaper, has no human interests; and nobody feels drawn to Keith. He is the least attractive of the six; he is genteel, self-pitying and fussy—but he tries hard. And he reveres in Mark the bolder virtues that were left out of him.

Since nearly all the action is provided by attempts to escape, Mark ought perhaps to be the leading figure. For most, escaping is a passing craze, like Spanish or political economy. Bob likes it as a job of work; he is a great hand at the preparations. Peter indulges in it as a spree. But Mark, the father-haunted and aspiring regular, is wrapped up in it. Yet he has not the central place, and really there is no such thing. Busty and Peter are the author's favourites, but they are not enlarged on. Mark has a strain of the conventional, and so has Bob; while Adrian verges on the non-existent. But in a story of this type, composed of scraps and flashbacks, character is made easy, and a very little of it goes a long way. The wider theme—the study of existence in a prison camp—is both persuasive and appealing, and the manner has a natural grace. If it were not for "Geordie," one might be content. But as it is, the spark from heaven has become a *sine qua non*.

"The Rival Monster," by Compton Mackenzie (Chatto and Windus; 11s. 6d.), brings delight unqualified. For me it had no background but the film of "Whisky Galore"; I have not read the other Highland sagas. But even so, it is precisely what one should expect. "Whisky Galore" was even more agreeable than funny; so is this book.

It has the sound, in outline, of a roaring farce. The Loch Ness Monster is reported slain in an encounter with a "Flying Teapot": which, in the literary words of Hector Hamish Mackay, strikes at the very roots of Highland life. The Scottish Press is in an uproar, and the sublime Ben Nevis, who has seen the monster twelve times, is torn between dismay and incredulity. Then, to his great wrath, Mr. Mackay propounds a notion that the monster's mate—or, if it has survived, the monster—will forsake old haunts, and flee to some Atlantic island. And, sure enough, a brand-new "Todday monster" is the next development. It has been seen repeatedly, close to; a big reward is offered for its photograph; it brings the hikers in swarms; and if it is the Loch Ness Monster, it is stolen property and must be fetched back. So says the outraged laird. But even he regards it as a tough assignment; and by good luck, before his expedition sails, the charge of robbery can be dismissed. Plainly, the island monster is a different species. It is tracked down in harmony and glee on the occasion of an outside broadcast; and the curtain falls upon a clear sky.

The whole affair is packed with comedy in more styles than one. Yet, after all, I have laughed more at other books. What this one has additionally is the ease of its heart. It is a nice, a comfortable story; it is pure enjoyment.

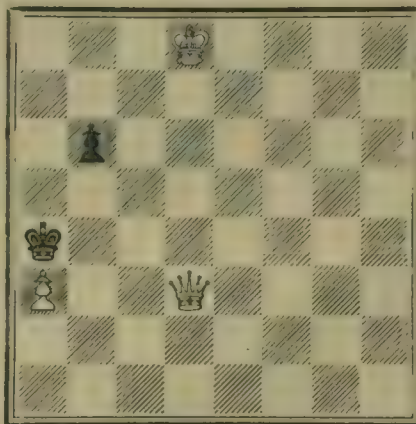
Only a jump will take me to "The Carver Quartet," by Doreen Idle (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), which is a quiet, meditative and abortive love-drama. Ann Gregory was training as a violinist till she joined the Wrens, but has now settled in the country for a year of freedom. There she falls in with Mrs. Carver, a professional musician. Stella's retreat is due to illness; but they play together, they become friends, and Ann feels blissfully content. Will, who comes home between engagements, is at first a drawback. He has austere and Asiatic views; he cultivates self-mastery and self-awareness, and corrects her freely; one day, he hopes to give up smoking. . . . And the music goes on: indeed, so well, that they expand the trio into a quartet. Lawrence, the very young co-opted member, has a streak of genius; but he is inexpressibly naïve and crude, and only Stella is at all nice to him. As a result, in the elation of their common enterprise, he falls in love with her. And at the same time, under the same excitement, Ann and Will have reached the same point. Really the situation should be comic; it has all the elements. But in this delicate and thoughtful treatment, it is too pale.

"Bait for Murder," by Kathleen Moore Knight (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), features Penberthy Island and the homespun sleuth, Elisha Macomber. Guy Philbrick is a righteous publisher, who goes for swordfish in his spare time. Berrien is a literary heel. He stole a fortune from his best friend, and now, on holiday, his first employment is to steal a swordfish. Going on from there, he gets himself detested by the natives at the speed of lightning. His former victim is around with Guy; and he has also two girls in the offing. So he was definitely booked for murder. Those who have failed to guess the murderer may call it cheating; I should call it unpalatable.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate on the third move against any defence.

"What a silly business!" exclaims the I-don't-mind-an-occasional-game-but-problems-are-tommyrot individual: "Black should have resigned long ago. He hasn't an earthly! Why should White ponder on how to mate in three moves—or four or five, for that matter? He can win almost without thinking at all."

"What an attractive miniature!" remarks the problemist. "Of the twenty-eight moves at White's disposal (twenty-three with the queen, five with the king), one only forces mate in three, and it is by no means the most obvious move, either. The play is pleasantly varied, producing three entirely different mating situations. All this, with only five men on the board!"

And never the twain shall meet . . .

1. K-B8 is the key-move.

If 1. . . P-Kt4; 2. Q-QB3, P-Kt5; 3. Q x P mate.

If 1. . . K-R4; 2. Q-Q7 and now if 2. . . K-R3;

3. Q-R4 mate, whereas if 2. . . P-Kt4; 3. Q-QR7 mate.

This last variation reveals why 1. K-B7, though it looks stronger than 1. K-B8, fails to solve the problem; the king on B7 prevents the queen from going to QR7. Try it! Try the alternative first moves at White's disposal and confirm that each allows Black to squirm out somehow.

If you still see nothing particularly fascinating in chess problems after this, at any rate you needn't feel lonely. You have thousands and thousands of other chess-players to keep you company!

Problems are waning in popularity. Out of every fifty new chess books appearing to-day, perhaps one is about problems. Yet rummaging through the books of a century ago, I get the impression that problems and the straight game were running neck-and-neck. The leading chess magazines of Australia and the U.S.A. have each dropped problems from their pages altogether since 1950. Of the £500 I sunk in publishing a superbly written book on problem-composing by an expert of world renown, a few years ago, I shall be lucky to recover one quarter.

Problems in newspaper chess columns are being supplanted by games, and news of games. Enthusiasts in out-of-the-way places lacking local opposition worthy of their steel, who used to whet their skill on problems, are now catered for by a great development of chess by post.

course is logical to trace. But of Luther's conservatism there is little doubt. Like Mr. Freeman's, this book is fascinating because of its subject. Like Mr. Freeman's, it still leaves you hoping that a better will one day be written.

About ninety years ago, Mr. P. Austin Nuttall, presenting his "Standard Dictionary of the English Language," wrote that his object was that the "greatest quantity of matter should be compressed in the smallest compass." The new edition of "Nuttall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language" (Frederick Warne; 21s.) fulfils this definition to a nicety. It is entirely up to date, including current slang from either side of the Atlantic.

Anyone who has ever peered through a microscope at the curious, wriggly things which are to be found in a drop of pond water, will be interested in "The Freshwater Life of the British Isles," by John Clegg (Warne; 21s.).

E. D. O'BRIEN.

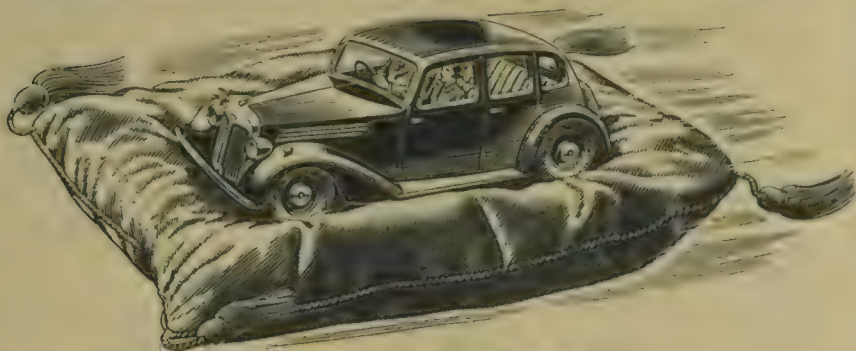
LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

FEW figures in the history of literature have so excited the sympathy and affection of those who have studied their lives as Oliver Goldsmith. Few have been worse served in the matter of biography. Alas, my final conclusion after reading "Oliver Goldsmith," by William Freeman (Herbert Jenkins; 18s.), is that the brilliant little Irishman is still waiting for his biographer. Mr. Freeman is a skilled technician in his craft, which means that his life of the strange little pock-marked Irishman is always readable. I fear, however, that the highest commendation that I can give this book is "workmanlike." Perhaps the material is just not there—though I can scarcely believe that one who was the friend of Johnson and Garrick, and the object of admiring envy of Boswell, did not leave behind him material for a couple of first-class full-length biographies.

Indeed, reading this book has almost given me an ambition—that of writing a life of Goldsmith myself. It is a legitimate device of the biographer to fill in the social and historical background of his hero, so that nowadays he appears as a figure in a conversation-piece rather than a strong entity emerging from the chiaroscuro of an Old Master. That, as I say, is both legitimate and useful. In the case of the present book, one could not help being a little irritated by the feeling that the borderline between background and padding is often but faintly defined. Oliver Goldsmith is so attractive a character that one's sympathy is engaged from the beginning. He lived in the turbulent, pullulating life of eighteenth-century London. It is necessary in telling this story to introduce him to the great men and the great friends (for Goldsmith had a genius for friendship) who surrounded him. It is, however, exasperating whenever one of these men, one of these friends, is introduced into the story, to be treated to a potted version of the Dictionary of National Biography. No; I put down this book with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. Mr. Freeman has admirably re-created the picture of the Goldsmith we know. The feckless, engaging Irishman out of the bogs who so charmed his contemporaries in spite of his chronic impecuniosity. Few men in the history of literature can have been such a burden to their friends. From his earliest youth Goldsmith could never acquire a guinea without hastening to get rid of it—whether to children or to those even less well placed than himself—in circumstances which usually did credit to his heart and which never did credit to his head. He was the eternal sinner who provoked in his relations and friends the divine gift of forgiveness. It had to be so, for whether it was the long-suffering Uncle Contadine or the gruffly affectionate Dr. Johnson, they could be sure of one thing—that kindnesses to Goldsmith were usually passed straight on to other and unintended beneficiaries. The number of times the poor young man set off with Uncle Contadine's guineas in his pocket, only to return broken in his finances, if unbroken in his spirit, makes sorry reading for those who believe in the Samuel Smiles pattern of virtue. Goldsmith must, however, have had a more than usually attractive Irish charm. Those who had at various times in his career rescued him from the pawn-shop, and sometimes from the very doorstep of the debtors' jail, must have sighed when they saw their charity expended on fine clothes or furniture which he could never have afforded, or scattered as largesse to friends or children for which it had not been intended. What was it that made Goldsmith so attractive and made his friends so long-suffering? That is the question to which an inspired biographer would have found the answer. It is not the task of the reader of a biography to have to peer between the lines of a biography to get a living picture of this subject. It is the task of the biographer to bring that subject to life. Mr. Freeman has curiously failed to make his warm and all-too-human hero live and move for us. I am afraid that I must leave this book where I began, with the adjective "workmanlike."

"Workmanlike" is also the adjective I apply to "Here I Stand," by Roland Bainton (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). Here again a really good life of its subject, Martin Luther, is still to be written. Mr. Bainton, perhaps as a result of a laudable desire to be objective, leaves us with an unresolved answer to the question which has agitated the intervening centuries. "Was Luther an angel or a devil?" The picture of him drawn by the apologists of the counter-reformation is quite naturally one which shows this tough, unamiable, concupiscent monk without a vocation in no very attractive light. On the other hand, Protestant apologists can do little better with their hero. It must remain one of the "ifs" of history to speculate as to what would have happened had the contemporary Pope issued his Bull on the vexed question of indulgences immediately after Luther was moved to protest, and not, as in fact happened, a year too late, for it is clear that Luther was, in spite of the reforming zeal which has been attached to his name, a conservative churchman, and that it was only the almost incredible folly of the ecclesiastical authorities of his day which drove him into opposition. The evolution of the young man who became a monk as a result of a terrifying experience in a thunderstorm into the hero of a hundred curious protestant sects is as fascinating to study as its

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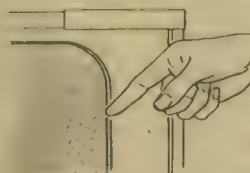
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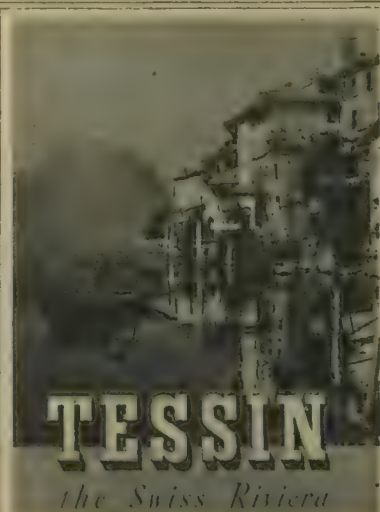
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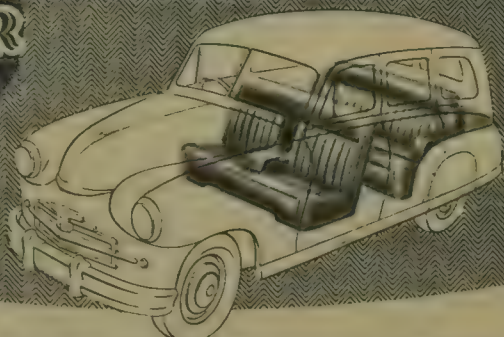
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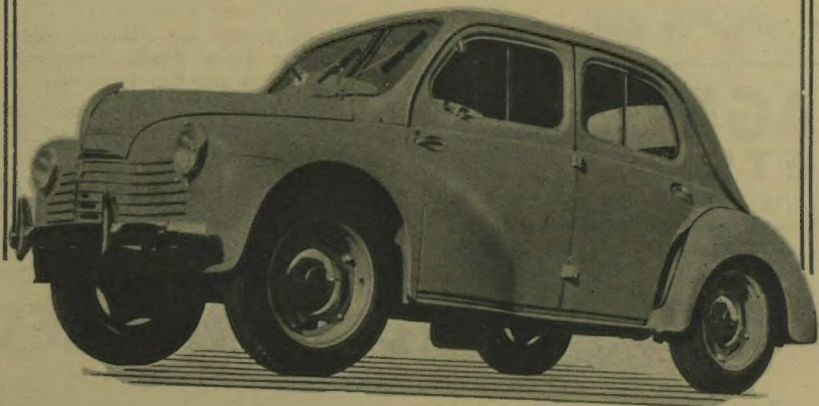
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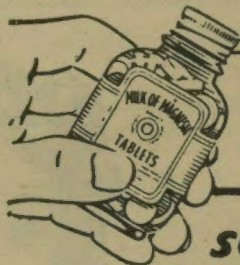
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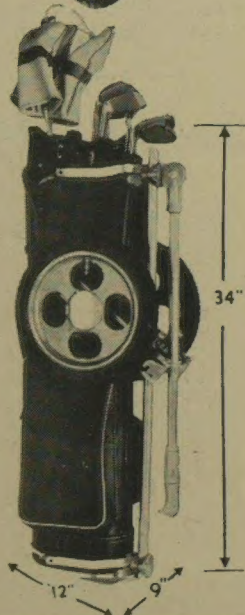
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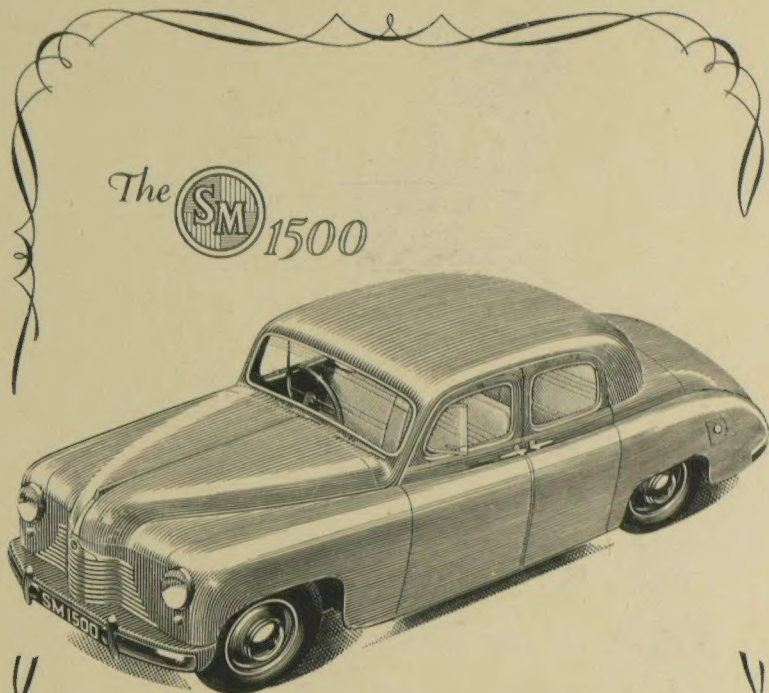
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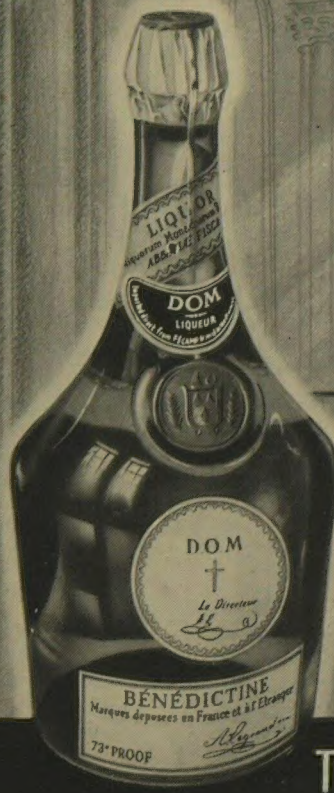
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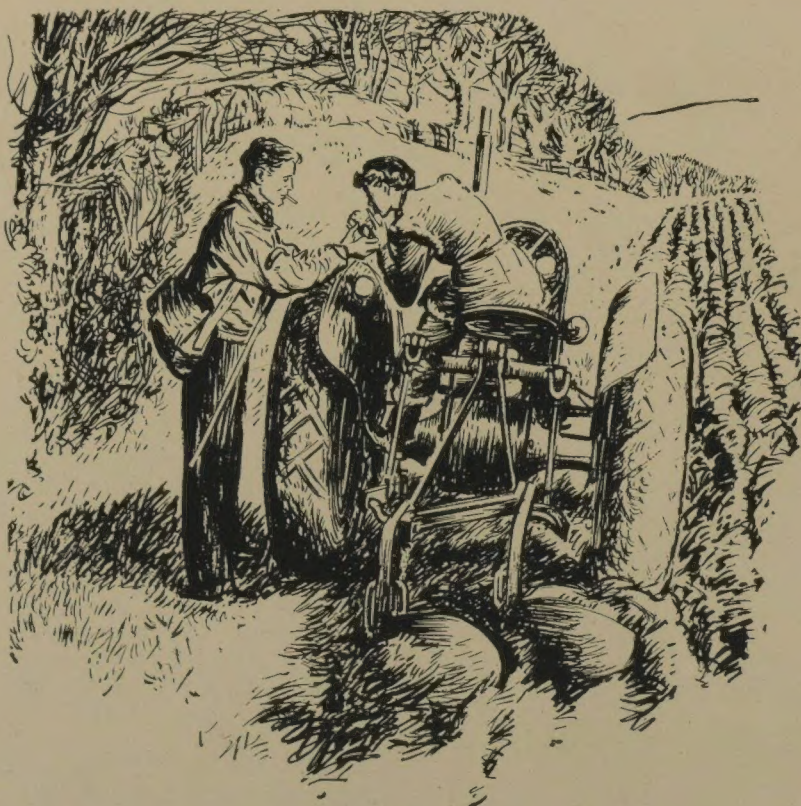
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